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Poetry.

"HE KNOWS."

I know not what shall befall me—
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes—
And on each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes to arise,
And every joy He sends me comes
As a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me,
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping—
The future His mercy shall clear,
And that which looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreadful future
Is less bitter far than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink,
Or if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink.

It may be that He keeps waiting
For the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness—
Some joy so strangely sweet—
That my lips can only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh, restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know,
It keeps me in those Mighty Arms,
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so.

And so I go on—not knowing—
I would not if I might,
I'd rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light,
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials,
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow,
But what the dear Lord chose—
So I wait, and bow submissive
To the will of Him who knows.
—M. G. Brainard.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

Here where the bloom-fringed winding highways meet
The old white shoolhouse stands,
With greeneward worn and pathed by restless feet,
That throng which as time's waves roll and retreat,
Changes, but ne'er disbands.

Through open windows comes the old refrain,
Of schooltime's routine rule,
Heart tones awake that long have dormant lain,
And for a moment I'm a child again,
And only late for school.

The leafy boughs once far beyond my reach,
Move gently 'round my brow,
The equal distanced trees of old games preach,
Calling my playmates in their whispered speech,
Who are so scattered now!

A rude throng, flocking o'er the worn door sill,
Then scorned, now held so dear,
We lightly drank from learning's crystal rill
And the first charm of understanding's thrill
Our hearts encountered here.

O little school, thou mother of us all!
To thee the heart returns
As weary feet when evening shadows fall,
Leaving day's cares that threatens and appall,
Haste when home's hearth fire burns!
—Boston Journal.

TO MY LADY.

I.

Thy voice is like a nightingale's
Which trembles in the midnight hours,
Flooding with song the moonlit vales,
Singing to sleep the restless flowers;
Yet I may walk into the night
And listen to her music's flight,
She sings her sweetest songs to me—
But who shall say the same of thee?

II.

Thine eyes are like the violet's tear,
Which in the hour of dawn is wept,
In dreaming of some flow'ret dear,
While the whole world in peace hath slept;
Yet I may gaze into the eyes
Of every flower beneath the skies,
They lift their pretty heads to me—
But who shall say the same of thee?
—The Literary World.

Miscellany.

THE NEW SLEEVE PUFF

And How to Cut and Make It Out of One Piece of Goods.

The new sleeve is a coat sleeve, tight fitting to the shoulder. Over it the puffings and trimmings are fastened on.

The most fashionable puff is put on after being shirred, giving a ruffled appearance.

PATTERN FOR NEW PUFF.

To make it select a straight piece of goods to match the sleeve, and cut it after the puff pattern. Allow a length of six times around the arm, or about two and a half yards if you like a big puff.

Shirr upon the dotted lines and fasten on the sleeve. It is very simple to do if you have the patience to "try, try again," until the puffings lie in regular lines and are the right size.

Stiffen with a thin interlining and be careful not to crush with coat or cape.

Engaged Him.

Stranger—Don't you want to take on a man?

Coal Dealer—Well, I want a weigher. Have you any references?

Stranger—Sorry to say I haven't; but it is not easy for a man who has been in my business to obtain references.

Coal Dealer—What business have you been in?

Stranger—I'll be honest with you. I've been a pugilist, but I retired from the business. I was champion of the light weights.

Coal Dealer—Champion of the light weights! You're the very man I want. Come in.—Tit-Bits.

A Perplexing Order.

A sergeant in a volunteer corps, being doubtful whether he had distributed rifles to all the men, called out: "All you that are without arms hold up your hands!"—Judy.

Niceties of Speech.

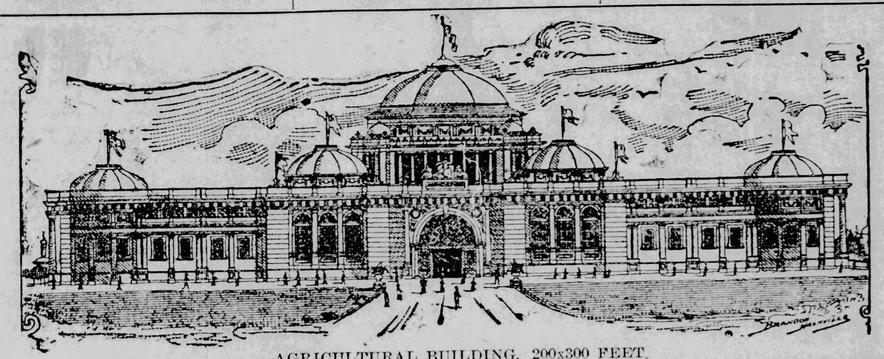
"I noticed you weren't in church on Sunday. I hope you were not indisposed?"

"Well, I was averse to going, if that's what you mean."—Judy.

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING

At the Tennessee Centennial Exposition at Nashville.

The Agricultural building is a domed structure covering a space about 300 feet by 200. Within there is an unusual effect of space and the lighting is ample. Here the various sections of the state



AGRICULTURAL BUILDING. 200x300 FEET.

have vied with each other in their show of field products, for it is agriculture, after all that has renewed the South. The old, half-hearted and altogether incompetent performances of the hill farmers might suffice to meet family demands, but they could never create a trade in farm products, and they did not extend a favorable impression as to the resources of the state. We can easily see from the large, healthy fruits, grains, grasses and vegetables that the Southern farmers of to-day are as wide awake and intelligent as those in New England and the middle states, and they have much in their favor that the Northern farmers have not; freedom, namely, from severe winters and early frosts, and continuance of a long and almost too genial summer. The decorations of the interior are in large part made up from cotton and corn, pyramids, towers and columns, such material contributing to its festal aspect. Entering near the railroad terminal and walking through we notice cane mills, plows, too bright and pretty to use; a five-furrow plow, pump buckets that theoretically purify the water they lift, but will have a hard time with Nashville water, so long as it comes out of the Cumberland river; beer, so placed that people may draw inferences as to whether it is better for a steady thing than water; some local pottery, biscuits, gum, chemicals, pork from the literary works of Cudahy in Chicago; jelly, an eagle done in corn and pine cones; four pictures in the dome made in cereals of Tennessee; fruits in syrup and brandy; champion grapes preserved in alcohol to look at; bottles of wine, with the corks fastened in; peanuts—they, too, come from this quarter of the world—lard, hams, real ivory made in Chicago out of dead pigs; the domestic birds of Tennessee (but there are a few left outside); spring water; brooders, locally known as wooden hens; the pretty pavilion of the state commission; woods, embroideries, relics, fish, paper, flowers—really, this reminds you of the county fair, doesn't it?—Vermont maple sugar, phosphates—remains of the mastodons and mighty lizards that crawled through the Southern swamps some millions of years ago—fertilizers, cider, cream separators, tobacco in ropes, quids, plugs, cigars, fine cut, twisted, shaped into letters and columns, but no cigarettes and no snuff. Yet, not more than half a million miles away are women who dip snuff as habitually as dudes smoke cigarettes. Then, there are farm engines, drills, manufactured goods, shellers, wagons, thrashing machines, harvesters, fodder cutters, swings, fan mills, hay presses, pea hullers and a space containing exhibits from the state penitentiary. In the annex behind this building the process of brick making may be studied. The Israelites in the annex make bricks just as easy as you please, without straw. They put the clay into what do-you-call-it and grind it, and it comes out on a running belt, looking fine and clean enough to pucker the mouth of a clay eater, and a set of revolving knives cuts this long, square beam of clay into bricks, which are then dropped into a mysterious cavern below.

BIG MONEY.

Prices Paid for Some of the Choicest Articles in the World.

The costliest building of modern times is the state capitol at Albany, which has already had spent upon it the immense sum of $20,000,000.

The highest price ever paid for a horse was that given for the mighty racehorse Ormonde, which totaled up to no less than $150,000. It should be remembered that this famous horse never lost a race in all his career on the turf.

Apart from racehorses the largest sum paid for a horse was that of $125,000 which Senator Stanford gave for Arion in 1892 to Mr. Forbes of Boston.

The most expensive government—that is, as far as the legislature is concerned is—is that of the French. They pay for it the sum of $3,750,000 annually.

The costliest paintings of modern times have been Meissonier's "1814" and Millet's "Angelus." M. Chauchard gave $175,000 for "1814" and $150,000 for the "Angelus." These two paintings are, in the opinion of all connoisseurs, quite worth their money; which is more than can be said for all the things which have cost a large amount.

The Shah of Persia, who owns so many valuable articles of jewelry and fancy goods, is the possessor of what is doubtless the most expensive pipe in the world, it being worth some $400,000. The whole of the long stem and bowl are simply incrusted with jewels.

There is a book, a Hebrew Bible, in the Vatican library which Pope Julius II. refused to sell for its weight in gold; and as this would have totaled $105,000 this may be taken as the most valuable book in the world.

The greatest sum ever asked or offered for a single diamond is $2,150,000, which the Nizam of Hyderbad agreed to give Mr. Jacobs, the famous jeweler of Simla, for the "Imperial" diamond. This is now considered the finest stone in the world.

For a cane that was once the property of George III., and afterward of George IV., the sum of $9,000 was given at an auction in London. It was an ebony walking stick, with a gold top, engraved "G. R.," and with a crown, and also contained some locks of hair of the Princess Elizabeth, Mary and Sophia.

To the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey belongs the honor of possessing the finest mate on the globe. Each of the mats is partly made of pearls and diamonds, and is valued at $2,500,000.

The largest carpet ever made was for the Carlton club; it is a superb specimen, and cost $40,000.

The late Colonel North's greyhound Fullerton, which won the Waterloo cup four times, sold for $5,000, which is the highest price ever paid for a sporting dog. The Well known St. Bernard, Plinlimmon, however fetched some $21,250 a few years ago.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HIS VERY LATEST.

A Story of a Citizen of Medford and Two Town Clocks.

Not long ago a citizen of Medford was wending his way homeward, tacking from this side to that, muttering to himself and wondering what Mary would say about his condition and the lateness of the hour, says the Philistine. He had reached the square. It was midnight but the citizen did not know it, for as he looked up at the clock in the steeple of the Methodist church the diais seemed to revolve like a buzz saw.

"I am drunk," said the citizen, "drunk—too dam drunk to see straight, but if that clock would strike I'm not so drunk—but what I can count!"

He sat down on the steps to think it over. Just then the clock began to strike. The man counted: One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight — nine — ten — ("It must be 'leven!") 'leven—(No, it's twelve!") twelve. Just then the Presbyterian clock began—thirteen ("Eh!")—fourteen ("Gee!")—fifteen ("D'ye hear that!")—sixteen ("Lord, but I'm full!")—seventeen ("Fell")—eighteen ("Hully smokes!")—nineteen (——) twenty ("——, ——!")—twenty-one ("——, ——, ——!")—twenty-two ("——, ——, ——, ——!")—twenty-three ("——, ——!")—twenty-four—"Oh, but Mary 'ull give it to me! I was never out so late in my life!"

The Innocent Bride.

The Young Bride—Yes, it does husband lots of good to go to the ball games. After a toilsome morning he finds it so delightfully cool and restful.

The Caller—And why do you think it cool?

The Bride—Because husband says there are always so many fans there.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Such is Life.

Cynthia (who tries to live elegantly in New York on $4,000 a year)—Poor old John Miner; all his property gone, and dying in a hospital!

"Calm yourself, Cynthia. The chances are old John is dying a lot more comfortably than we are living."—Life.

It's All Right.

Mother (reprovingly)—You shouldn't make light of marriage, my daughter.

Daughter (indignantly)—I think it's all right to make light of a match.—Yale Record.

FOR SUMMER DAYS.

A Becoming Yoke Shirt-Waist of Plaid Gingham.

The shirt-waist is as necessary a part of the summer wardrobe as any garment a woman wears, yet the variety is so great that no one special style can be said to take precedence over all. The modified sleeves, ingenious arrangement of tucks and the almost unlimited variety in yokes give such a range of selection that every woman ought to obtain the style best suited to her figure. The materials and colors are likewise legion, another

reason why no unbecoming waist need form a part of the fashionable woman's wardrobe. The upper part of the front of the waist illustrated is a yoke shaped in saw-tooth points at the lower edge and closed with studs through a box-plait. Below the yoke the fronts are closed invisibly. Commendable features of the waist are under-arm gores and novel two-seam sleeves or a linen collar and cuffs of any style may be worn.

The list of fabrics for which the shirt-waist is adapted is a long one; the usual sheer material, like organdy, dimity, lawn, etc., are available, also silk, linen and batiste.—New York Delineator.

A RIGHTEOUS RECKONER.

Catching a Snide Workmen and Making Him Act on the Square.

This is the hour of begging frauds. They crop up everywhere, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Their stories are so plausible, their appearance so pitiful. One of them recently walked into an East End factory.

"For the love of heaven," he said, "give me a little work to do. Anything that I can turn my hand to."

The proprietor looked him over. He was decently dressed, young and intelligent and had evidently seen better days.

"I have some work," said the proprietor, but it is of a rough sort."

"Anything, anything," cried the unfortunate man.

So he was set to work sorting bolts, but he hadn't really started the job when he was noticed to stagger slightly.

"You must excuse me," he said brokenly, "but I haven't tasted food for 24 hours."

Thereupon the proprietor dipped his hand into his pocket and brought up a 50-cent piece.

"Take that," he said; "get yourself a square meal and then come back."

The fellow took it, but he didn't come back.

A day or two later the victimized man told his story to a fellow manufacturer. The latter remembered it when, the very next morning, a young man came into his office and remarked:

"For the love of heaven give me a little work."

"All right," said the proprietor; take off your coat."

Off came the coat and as it was hung up the owner worked in the same old stagger.

"I haven't touched food for 24 hours," he gasped.

"That's all right," said the proprietor, grimly; "you'll get no food until this job is finished."

The fellow cast a longing look at his coat, but it was beyond his reach, so he went to work. It was a hard job, but he finished it.

"There," said the proprietor, "there's your coat. You've earned 50 cents, which I will now inclose in this envelope and send to the man you swindled the other day. That's all right—no thanks—good day."

And the crestfallen scamp sneaked off.

Had Heard Several Over the Wire.

"Do you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I'm a telephone girl, Judge."—Judge.

MADE IT WET WEATHER.

Sinkers and Sarsaparilla Try a Night at Euchre With a Bit of Recourse.

The bartender brought drinks six times.

Sarsaparilla Reilly passed the cards over to Sinkers to deal, says the New York Sun. The Sinker man shuffled the pack as if he were kneading dough in the little Park row kitchen.

"L'ave th' spots on thim," said Reilly. "Sure ye deal loike an old maid at a childers' surprise party. We're both loike the two Harps Oi met up at Fort George. One of thim tould the other he could put the hundred mark off av th' punching bag. But he only registered sixty-siven. The big Harp hit the machine one punch and put it out av business. That's what Oi'll do wid you, Sinkers, in th' euchre game. But let us wet our whistles afore we begin."

The bartender brought drinks more than six times.

"I guess I'll send a telegraph to my vife," said Sinkers.

Reilly rang for a messenger boy, and Sinkers wrote the following dispatch for Harlem:

Dear Lena: Me and Mr. Reilly must a couple of euchre parties play, vich I did not expect vhen I said I vould early come. Believe me, your loving husband. CHRIS.

"Now vé commence business mit der cards," said Sinkers, "but every time I deal you must treat."

"Then I'll deal all the time," said Reilly.

"I make it trump," said Sinkers. "Do you pass, or vill I turn it up a eckstein?"

"What's an eckstein?" asked Reilly; "is this pinochle we're playin'?"

"No, ve're playin vhat ve've started. If you don't pass den I'll make it eckstein!"

"Eckstein!" shouted Reilly. "What has he to do wid it?"

"Dot's diamond," said Sinkers. "Vhy don't ver learn der game? You don't know no more as my vife. Say, Reilly, I guess I must send another telegraph despatch."

The messenger boy was again called and Sinkers sent the following:

Lena: Mebbe vhen I come home behind 3 o'clock in der morning you say somet'ing I vill twice as fresh be as you. Talk yourself to der devil! Vhat I care! Recommember I'm no boy no more! CHRIS.

"Give us some more beer," said Sinkers after sending away the message.

"Deal the cards over again," said Reilly. "Ye've givin' me siven."

"Vell, you vant ten?"

"No, only foive," said Reilly; "I learned th' game wid foive."

"If I get the right-bower of shippen——"

"What's shippen?" interrupted Reilly.

"Oh, dem's spades in English," explained Sinkers, "come on, now."

"You come on."

"No, I pass, or vill you make it?"

"Ye must turn up th' top card," said Reilly. "Now it's hearts."

"Don't make me play my ace," said Sinkers. "If you do I'll take it mit your king, if you got one. You must always play suit if you can, follow trump. Understand? Und den if I should play first a left bower-jack. Or, if I should play my queen vhat I did not had, it would be better as a trump if you didn't had der lead. I vould ave me two tricks 'less you took her mit your koenig."

"What's a koenig?" asked Reilly.

"She's a king," explained Sinkers. "When you got der koenig oof hearts she's der left bower from der queen of diamonds, although she's better as vas is der koenig."

"Are we talkin' about Queen Victorias and Kaiser Wilhelms?" asked Reilly.

"Don't talk about der Kaiser," said Sinkers. "Vould you like it vhen I said someting 'bout der King from Ire and?"

"I would," said Reilly; "then I'd know we had a King. It 'ud do me heart good and make me eyes sparkle loike diamonds."

"Are you talkin' euchre now?" said Sinkers, "or do you belief vhat you said about der Kaiser?"

"He's no good," said Reilly.

"Now you're commencin' again," remarked Sinkers.

"You commenced it," argued Reilly; "we are playin' euchre, and we haven't commenced that yet. It's after 1 o'clock and th' boss wants to shut up. Here's luck! Good health, Sinkers!"

"I guess I don't go home 'fore I send yet another telegraph," said Sinkers. "Vhat I care for a voman? You t'ink I'm 'fraid from her. Read this:

Maybe soon I come home look out! You must not a fool for me make 'cause I come home behind 4 o'clock. My own business is my business. Understand?

CHRIS BREDE.

And they staggered up the Bowery.

An Insensible Soldier.

Scene: Aldershot Maneuvers.—Soldier supposed to have been wounded is brought to surgeon's tent by bearers. Bearer (reporting)—Sir, scalp wound, sir, accompanied with insensibeelity.

Surgeon—Well, what have you done?

Bearer—Dressed the wound, sir, and gave him a little whusker and water.

Surgeon—Whisky and water! How did you expect an insensible man to swallow that?

Bearer—He axed for't, sir!—London Tit-Bits.

Too Sudden.

"Now," said the editor, "we can't use any more matter. Don't you take a scrap of news unless——"

"Yes," answered the managing editor.

"Unless it's news of a scrap. That is to say——"

However, it was too late to insist upon his good intentions, as the humorist editor had already fainted.—New York Press.

A Matter of Expense.

Jack—Was yours a long courtship, old fellow?

Will—Gracious, no! My wife had nine little brothers and sisters.

"Really. But what difference did that make?"

"What difference! Well, if you had to bribe a crowd like that to keep out of the parlor every time you went to see your girl, you'd soon want to cut expenses."—Boston Traveler.

What Did She Mean?

Van Dabble—This is my latest picture. I sold it yesterday.

Visitor—Indeed? You are a genius!—Puck.

Our Serial Story.

Copyright, 1897, by Bret Harte.

THREE PARTNERS;

OR,

The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill.

BY BRET HARTE.

Alone by himself in a corner of the veranda, he was surprised that the interview had made so little impression upon him and had so little altered his conviction. His discovery that the announcement of his betrothed's death was a fiction did not affect the fact that though living she was dead to him, and apparently by her own consent. The contrast between her life and his during those five years had been covertly accented by Mrs. Van Loo, whether intentionally or not, and he saw again, as last night, the full extent of his sentimental folly. He could not even condole with himself that he was the victim of miserable falsehoods that others had invented. She had accepted them, and had even excused her desertion of him by that last deceit of the letter.

He drew out her photograph and again examined it, but not as a lover. Had she really grown stouter and more self-complacent? Was the spirituality and delicacy he had worshipped in her purely his own idiotic fancy? Had she always been like this? Yes. There was the girl who could weakly strive, weakly revenge herself, and weakly forget. There was the figure that he had expected to find carved upon the tomb that he had long sought that he might weep over. He laughed aloud.

It was very hot and he was stifling with inaction. What was Barker doing, and

JACK'S BULLET PIERCED STEPTOE'S BRAIN.

why had not Stacy telegraphed to him? And what were those people in the courtyard doing? Were they discussing news of further disaster and ruin? Perhaps he was even now a beggar. Well, his fortune might go with his faith.

But the crowd was simply looking at the roof of the hotel, and he now saw that a black smoke was drifting across the courtyard and was conscious of a smell of soot and burning. He stepped down from the veranda among the mingled guests and servants, and saw that the smoke was only pouring from a chimney. He heard, too, that the chimney had been on fire, and that it was Mrs. Van Loo's bed room chimney, and that when the startled servants had knocked at the locked door she told them that she was only burning some old letters and newspapers, the refuse of her trunks. There was naturally some indignation that the hotel had been so foolishly endangered, in such scorching weather, and the manager had had a scene with her which resulted in her leaving the hotel indignantly with her half-packed boxes. But even after the smoke had died away and the fire had been extinguished in the chimney and hearth, there was an acrid smell of smouldering pine penetrating the upper floors of the hotel all that afternoon.

When Mrs. Van Loo drove away the manager returned with Demorest to the rooms. The marble hearth was smoked and discolored and still littered with charred ashes of burnt paper. "My belief is," said the manager darkly, "that the old hag came here just to burn up a lot of incriminating papers that her son had intrusted to her keeping. It looks mighty suspicious. You see she got up an awful lot of side when I told her I didn't reckon to run a smelting furnace in a wooden hotel with the thermometer at 100 in the office, and I reckon it was just an excuse for getting off in a hurry."

But the continued delay in Stacy's promised telegram had begun to work upon Demorest's usual equanimity, and he scarcely listened in his anxiety for his old partner. He knew that Stacy should have arrived in San Francisco by noon. He had almost determined to take the next train from the "Divide," when two horsemen dashed into the courtyard. There was the usual stir on the veranda and rush for news, but the two new arrivals turned out to be Barker, on a horse covered with foam, and a dashing, elegantly dressed stranger on a mustang as carefully groomed and as spotless as himself. Demorest instantly recognized Jack Hamlin.

He had not seen him since that day four years before when he had accompanied the three partners with their treasure to Boomville, and when he had handed him the mysterious packet. As he and Barker dismounted hurriedly and moved toward him he felt a premonition of something as fateful and important as then. In obedience to a sign from Barker he led them to a more secluded angle of the veranda. He could not help noticing that his younger partner's face was more bile as ever, but more thoughtful and older: yet his voice rang with the old Freemasonry of the camp as he said, with a laugh: "The signal has been given, and it's boot and saddle and away."

"But I have received no dispatch from Stacy," said Demorest, in surprise. "He was to telegraph to me from San Francisco in any emergency."

"He never got there at all," said Barker. "Jack ran slap into Van Loo at the 'Divide,' and sent a dispatch to Jim, which stopped him half way, until Jack could reach him, which he nearly broke his neck to do; and then Jack finished up by bringing a message from Stacy to us that we should all meet together on the slope of Heavy Tree, near the Bar. I met Jack just as I was riding into the 'Divide' and came back with him. He will tell you the rest, and you can swear by what Jack says, for he's white all through," he added, laying his hand affectionately on Hamlin's shoulder.

Hamlin winched slightly. For he had not told Barker that his wife was with Van Loo, nor his first reason for interfering. But he related how he had finally overtaken Van Loo at Hill Top, and how the fugitive had disclosed Steptoe and Hall's conspiracy against the bank and Marshall as the price of his own release. On this news, remembering that Stacy had passed the "Divide" on his way to the station, he had first sent a dispatch to him, and then met him at the first station on the road. "I reckon gentlemen," said Hamlin, with an unusual earnestness in his voice, "that he'd not only get my telegram, but all the news that had been flying around this morning, for he looked like a man to whom it was just a 'toss up' whether he took his own life then and there, or was willing to have somebody else take it for him, for he said, 'I'll go myself,' and telegraphed to have the surveyor stopped from coming. Then he told me to tell you fellows, and ask you to come, too." Jack paused and added half mischievously, "He sort of asked me what I would take to stand by him in the row, if there was one, and I told him I'd take—whisky! You see, boys, it's a kind of off night with me, and I wouldn't mind for the sake of old times to finish the game with old Steptoe that I began a matter of five years ago."

"All right," said Demorest, with a kindling eye; "I suppose we'd better start at once. One moment," he added. "Barker, boy, will you excuse me a moment if I speak a word to Hamlin?" As Barker nodded and walked to the rails of the veranda Demorest took Hamlin aside. "You and I," he said hurriedly, "are single men; Barker has a wife and child. This is likely to be no child's play."

But Jack Hamlin was no fool, and from certain leading questions which Barker had already put, but which he had skilfully evaded, he surmised that Demorest knew something of his wife's escapade. He answered a little more seriously than his wont. "I don't think as regards his wife that would make much difference to him or her how stiff the work was."

Demorest turned away with his last pang of bitterness. It needed only this confirmation of all that Stacy had omitted of what he himself had seen in his brief interview with Mrs. Barker since his return to shake his last remaining faith. "We'll all go together, then," he said, with a laugh, "as in the old times, and perhaps it's as well that we have no woman in our confidence."

An hour later the three men passed quietly out of the hotel, scarcely noticed by the other guests, who were oblivious of their absence during the evening. For Mrs. Barker, quite recovered from her fatiguing ride, was in high spirits and the most beautiful and spotless of summer gowns, and was considered quite a heroine by the other ladies as she dwelt upon the terrible heat of her return journey. "Only that I knew Mr. Barker would be worried—and the poor man actually walked a mile down the 'Divide' road to meet me—I believe I should have stayed there all day." She glanced round the other group for Mrs. Horncastle, but that lady had early retired. Possibly she alone had noticed the absence of the two partners.

They sat up until quite late, for the heat appeared to grow still more oppressive, and the strange smell of burning wood revived the gossip about Mrs. Van Loo and her stupidity in setting fire to her chimney. Some averred that it would be days before the smell could be got out of the house; others referred it to the fires in the woods which were now dangerously near. One spoke of the isolated position of the hotel as affording the greatest security, but was met by the assertion of a famous mountaineer that the forest fires were wont to leap from crest to crest mysteriously without any apparent continuous contact. This led to more or less light-hearted conjecture of present danger and some amusing stories of hotel fires, and these ludicrous revelations. There were also some entertaining speculations as to what they would do and what they would try to save in such an emergency.

"For myself," said Mrs. Barker, audaciously, "I should certainly let Mr. Barker look after 'Sta' and confine myself entirely to getting away with my diamonds. I know the wretch would never think of them."

It was still later, when exhausted by the heat and some reaction from the excitement of the day, that they at last deserted the veranda for their rooms, and for a while the shadowy bulk of the whole building was picked out with regularly spaced lights from its open windows, until now these finally faded and went out one by one. An hour later the whole building had sunk to rest. It was said that it was only 4 in the morning when a yawning porter, having put out the light in a dark, upper corridor, was amazed by a dull glow from the top of the wall, and awoke to the fact that a red fire, as yet smokeless and flameless was creeping along the cornice. He ran to the office and gave the alarm, but on returning with assitsance was stopped in the corridor by an impenetrable wall of smoke veined with murky flames. The alarm was given in all the lower floors and the occupants rushed from their beds half dressed to the courtyard, only to see, as they afterward averred, the flames burst like cannon discharges from the upper windows and unite above the crackling roof. So sudden and complete was the catastrophe, although slowly prepared by a leak in the overheated chimney between the floors, that even the excitement of fear and exertion was spared the survivors. There was bewilderment and stupor, but neither uproar nor confusion. People found themselves wandering in the woods, half awake and half dressed, from the balconies they had descended and the windows they had leaped they knew not how. Others on the upper floor neither awoke nor moved from their beds, but were suffocated without a cry. From the first an instinctive idea of the hopelessness of combating the conflagration possessed them all; to a blind, automatic feeling to flee the building was added the slow mechanism of the somnambulist; delicate women walked speechlessly, but securely, along ledges and roofs from which they would have fallen by the mere light of reason and of day. There was no crowding or impeding haste in their dumb exodus. It was only when Mrs. Barker awoke dishevelled in the courtyard, and with a hysterical outcry rushed back into the hotel that there was any sign of panic. Poor Mrs. Horncastle, who was standing near by, fully dressed, as if from some night-long vigil, quickly followed her. The half-frantic woman was making directly for her own apartments again, whose windows those in the courtyard could see were already belching smoke. Suddenly Mrs. Horncastle stopped with a bitter cry and clasped her forehead. It had just flashed upon her that Mrs. Barker had told her only a few hours before that "Sta" had been removed with the nurse to the upper floor. It was not the forgotten child that Mrs. Barker was returning for, but her diamonds! Mrs. Horncastle hesitated for a moment only, and then, drawing a long breath, dashed up the stairs. On the first landing she stumbled over something—the prostrate figure of the nurse. But this saved her, for she found that near the floor she could breathe more freely. Before her appeared to be an open door. She crept along toward it on her hands and knees. The frightened cry of a child, awakened from its sleep in the dark, gave her nerve to rise, enter the room, and dash open the window. By the flashing light she could see a little figure rising from a bed. It was "Sta." There was not a moment to be lost, for the open window was beginning to draw the smoke from the passage. Luckily, the boy, by some childish instinct, threw his arms around her neck and left her hands free. Whispering him to hold tight, she clambered out of the window. A narrow ledge of cornice scarcely wide enough for her feet ran along the house to a distant balcony. With her back to the house, she zigzagged her feet along the cornice to get away from the smoke, which now poured directly from the window. Then she grew dizzy; the weight of the child on her bosom seemed to be toppling her forward towards the abyss below. She closed her eyes, frantically grasping the child with crossed arms on her breast as she stood on the ledge, until, as seen from below through the twisting smoke, she might have seemed a figure of the Madonna and child niched in the wall. Then a voice from above called to her, "Courage!" and she felt the flap of a twisted sheet lowered from an upper window against her face. She grasped it eagerly; it held firm. Then she heard a cry from below, saw them carrying a ladder, and at last was lifted with her burden from the ledge by powerful hands. Then only did she raise her eyes to the upper window, whence had come her help. Smoke and flame were pouring from it. The unknown hero who had sacrificed his only chance of escape to her remained forever unknown.

* * * * * * *

Only four miles away that night a group of men were waiting for the dawn in the shadow of a pine near Heavy Tree bar. As the sky glowed redly over the crest between them and Hymettus, Hamlin said:

"Another one of those forest fires. It's this side of Black Spur, and a big one, I reckon."

"Do you know," said Barker thoughtfully, "I was thinking of the time the old cabin burned up on Heavy Tree. It looks to be about in the same place."

"Hush!" said Stacy sharply.

CHAPTER IX.

An abandoned tunnel—an irregular orifice in the mountain flank which looked like a dried-up sewer that had disgorged through its opening the refuse of the mountain in red slime, gravel, and a peculiar clay known as "cement" in a foul streak down its side — a narrow ledge on either side, broken up by heaps of quartz, tailings, and rock, and half hidden in scrub, oak and myrtle—a decaying cabin of logs, bark and cobblestones—these made up the exterior of the Marshall claim. To this defacement of the mountain, the rude clearing of thicket and underbrush by fire or blasting, the lopping of tree boughs, and the decapitation of caplings, might be added the debris and ruins of half-civilized occupancy. The ground before the cabin was covered with broken hoops of casks and the cast-off rags of blankets and clothing. The whole claim, in its unsavory, unpicturesque details and its vulger story of sordid, reckless, and selfish occupancy and abandonment, was a foul blot on the landscape, which the first rosy dawn only made the more offending. Surely the last spot in the world that men should quarrel and fight for.

So thought George Barker, as with his companions they moved in single file slowly toward it. The little party consisted only of himself, Demorest and Stacy, Marshall and Hamlin, according to a prearranged plan, were still in ambush to join them at the first appearance of Steptoe and his gang. The claim was yet unoccupied; they had secured their first success. Steptoe's followers, unaware that his design had been discovered, and confident that they could easily reach the claim before Marshall and the surveyor, had lingered. Some of them had held a drunken carouse at their rendezvous at Heavy Tree. Others were still engaged in procuring shovels and picks and pans for their mock equipments as miners, and this, again, gave Marshall's adherents the advantage. They knew that their opponents would probably first approach the empty claim unincumbered only with their peaceful implements, while they themselves had brought their rifles with them.

Stacy, who by tacit consent led the party, on reaching the claim at once posted Demorest and Barker each behind a separate heap of quartz tailings on the ledge, which afforded them a capital breastwork and stationed himself at the mouth of the tunnel which was the nearest the trail. It had already been arranged what each man was to do. They were in possession. For the rest they must wait. What they thought at that moment no one knew. Their characteristic appearance had slightly changed. The melancholy and philosophic Demorest was alert and bitter. Barker's cheerful face had become fixed and steadfast. Stacy alone wore his "fighting look," which the others had remembered.

They had not long to wait. The sounds of rude laughter, coarse skylarking, and voices more or less still confused with half-spent liquor came from the rocky trail. And then Steptoe appeared with part of his straggling followers who were celebrating their easy invasion by chattering their picks and shovels and beating loudly upon their tins and prospecting pans. The three partners quickly recognized the stamp of the strangers in spite of their peaceful instruments. They were the waifs and strays of San Francisco wharves, of Sacramento dens, of dissolute mountain towns; and there was not, probably, a single actual miner among them. A raging scorn and contempt took possession of Barker and Demorest, but Stacy knew their exact value. As Steptoe passed before the opening of the tunnel he heard the cry of "Halt!"

He looked up. He saw Stacy not thirty yards before him with his rifle at half-cock. He saw Barker and Demorest, fully armed, rise from behind their breastworks of rock along the ledge and thus fully occupy the claim. But he saw more. He saw at his plot was known, outlaw and desperado as he was, he saw that he had lost his moral power in this actual possession, and that from that moment he must be the aggressor. He saw he was fighting no irresponsible hirelings like his own, but men of position and importance, whose loss would make a stir. Against their rifles the few revolvers that his men chanced to have slung to them were of little avail. But he was not cowed; although his few followers stumbled together at this momentary check, half angrily, half timorously, like wolves without a leader. "Bring up the other men and their guns," he whispered fiercely to the nearest. Then he faced Stacy.

"Who are you to stop peaceful miners going to work on their own claims?" he said coarsely. "I'll tell you who, boys," he added, suddenly turning to his men with a hoarse laugh. "It ain't even the bank. It's only Jim Stacy that the bank kicked out yesterday to save itself—Jim Stacy and his broken-down pals. And what's the thief doing here—in Marshall's tunnel—the only spot that Marshall can claim? We ain't no particular friends o' Marshall's, though we're neighbors on the same claim; but we ain't going to see Marshall ousted by tramps. Are we, boys?"

"No, by G—d!" said his followers, dropping the pans and seizing their picks and revolvers. They understood the appeal to arms, if not to reason. For an instant the fight seemed imminent. Then the voice from behind them said:

"You needn't trouble yourselves about that! I'm Marshall! I sent these gentlemen to occupy the claim until I came here with the surveyor," and two men stepped from a thicket of myrtle in the rear of Steptoe and his followers. The surveyor, Marshall, was a thin, slight, over-worked, over-aged man; his companion, the surveyor, was equally slight, but red-bearded, spectacled, and professional looking, with a long traveling duster that made him appear even clerical. They were scarcely a physical addition to Stacy's party, whatever might be their moral and legal support.

But it was just this support that Steptoe strangely clung to in his designs for the future, and a wild idea seized him. The surveyor was really the only disinterested witness between the two parties, for Steptoe could confuse his mind before the actual fighting—from which he would, of course, escape as a non-combatant—it would go far afterward to rehabilitate Steptoe's party. "Very well, then," he said to Marshall. "I shall call this gentleman to witness that we have been attacked here in peaceable possession of our part of the claim by these armed strangers, and, whether they are acting on your order or not, their blood will be on your head."

"Then I reckon," said the surveyor, as he tore away his beard, wig, spectacles, and mustache, and revealed the figure of Jack Hamlin, "that I'm about the last witness that Mr. Steptoe-Horncastle ought to call, and about the last witness that he ever will call."

But he had not calculated upon the desperation of Steptoe over the failure of

"LOOK!" SAID JACK.

this last hope. For there sprang up in the outlaw's brain the same hideous idea that he voiced to his companions at the "Divide." With a hoarse cry to his followers, he crashed his pickax into the brain of Marshall, who stood near him, and sprang forward. Three of his men fell, a bullet from Stacy's rifle pierced his leg, and he dropped forward on one knee. He heard the steps of his reinforcements with their weapons coming close behind him, and rolled aside on the sloping ledge to let them pass. But he rolled too far. He felt himself slipping down the mountain side in the slimy shoot of the tunnel. He made a desperate attempt to recover himself, but the treacherous drift of the loose debris rolled with him, as if he were part of its refuse, and, carrying him down, left him unconscious but otherwise uninjured in the bushes of the second ledge 500 feet below.

When he recovered his senses the shouts and outcries above him had ceased. He knew he was safe. The ledge could only be reached by a circuitous route three miles away. He knew, too, that if he could only reach a point of outcrop 100 yards away he could easily descend to the stage road down the gra-

tle slope of the mountain hidden in a growth of hazelbrush. He bound up his wounded leg and dragged himself on his hands and knees laboriously to the outcrop. He did not look up; since his pick had crashed into Marshall's brain he had but one blind thought before him—to escape at once! That his revenge and compensation would come later he never doubted. He limped and crept, rolled and fell from bush to bush through the sloping thickets until he saw the red road a few feet below him.

If he only had a horse he could put miles between him and any present pursuit! Why should he not have one? The road was frequented by solitary horsemen—miners and Mexicans. He had his revolver with him; what mattered the life of another man if he escaped the consequences of the one he had just taken! He heard the clatter of hoofs; two priests on mules rode slowly by; he ground his teeth with disappointment. But they had scarcely passed before another and more rapid clatter came from their rear. It was a lad on horseback. He started. It was his own son!

He remembered in a flash how the boy had said he was coming to meet the padre at the station on that day. His first impulse was to hide himself, his wound, and his defeat from the lad, but the blind idea of escape was still paramount. He leaned over the bank and called to him. The astonished lad cantered eagerly to his side.

"Give me your horse, Eddy," said the father; "I'm in bad luck and must get."

The boy glanced at his father's face, at his tattered garments and bandaged leg, and read the whole story. It was a familiar page to him. He paled first and then flushed and then, with an odd glitter in his eyes, said: "Take me with you, father. Do! You always did before. I'll bring you luck."

Desperation is superstitious. Why not take him? They had been lucky before, and the two together might confound any description of their identity to the pursuers. "Help me up, Eddy, and then get up before me."

"Behind you mean," said the boy with a laugh, as he helped his father into the saddle.

"No," said Steptoe, harshly. "Before me, do you hear? And if anything happens behind you, don't look! If I drop off, don't stop! Don't get down; but go on and leave me! Do you understand?" he repeated, almost savagely.

"Yes," said the boy tremulously.

"All right," said the father with a softer voice as he passed his one arm round the boy's body and lifted the reins. "Hold tight when we come to the cross roads, for we'll take the first turn, for old luck's sake, to the mission."

They were the last words exchanged between them, for as they wheeled rapidly to the left at the cross roads, Jack Hamlin and Demorest swung as quickly out of another road to the right immediately behind them. Jack's challenge to "halt!" was only answered by Steptoe's horse springing forward under the sharp lash of the rata.

"Hold up!" said Jack suddenly, laying his hand upon the rifle which Demorest had lifted to his shoulder. "He's carrying some one. A wounded comrade, I reckon. We don't want him. Swing out and go for the horse, well forward, in the neck or shoulder."

Demorest swung far out to the right of the road and raised his rifle. As it cracked Steptoe's horse seemed to have suddenly struck some obstacle ahead of him rather than to have been hit himself, for his head went down with his forefeet under him, and he turned a half-somersault on the road, flinging his two riders a dozen feet away.

Steptoe scrambled to his knees, revolver in hand, but the other figure never moved. "Hands up!" said Jack, sighting his own weapon. The reports seemed simultaneous, but Jack's bullet had pierced Steptoe's brain even before the outlaw's pistol exploded harmlessly in the air.

The two men dismounted, but by a common instinct they both ran to the prostrate figure that had never moved.

"By God! it's a boy!" said Jack, leaning over the body and lifting the shoulders from which the head hung loosely. "Neck broken and dead as his pal." Suddenly he started, and, to Demorest's astonishment, began hurriedly pulling off the glove from the boy's limp right hand.

"What are you doing?" demanded Demorest, in creeping horror.

"Look!" said Jack, as he laid bare the small white hand. The two first fingers were merely unsightly stumps that had been hidden in the padded glove.

"Good God! Van Loo's brother!" said Demorest, recoiling.

"No!" said Jack, with a grim face, "it's what I have long suspected—it's Steptoe's son!"

"His son?" repeated Demorest.

"Yes," said Jack; and he added, after looking at the two bodies with a long-drawn whistle of concern, "and I wouldn't, if I were you, say anything of this to Barker."

"Why?" said Demorest.

"Well," returned Jack, "when our scrimmage was over down there, and they brought the news to Barker that his wife and her diamonds were burned up at the hotel, you remember that they said that Mrs. Horncastle had saved his boy."

"Yes," said Demorest; "but what has that to do with it?"

"Nothing, I reckon," said Jack, with a shrug of his shoulders, "only Mrs. Horncastle was the mother of the boy that's lying there."

Two years later as Demorest and Stacy sat before the fire in the old cabin on Marshall's claim—now legally their own—they looked from the door beyond the great hulk of Black Spur to the pallid snow line of the Sierras, still as remote and unchanged to them as when they had gazed upon it from Heavy Tree Hill. And for the matter of that, they themselves seemed to have been left so unchanged that, even now, as in the old days, it was Barker's voice as he greeted them from the darkening trail that alone broke their reverie.

"Well," said Demorest, cheerfully, "your usual luck, Barker, boy!" for they already saw in his face the happy light they had once seen there on an eventful night seven years ago.

"I'm to be married to Mrs. Horncastle next month," he said breathlessly, "and little Sta loves her already as if she was his own mother. Wish me joy."

A slight shadow passed over Stacy's face. But his hand was the first to grasp Barker's and his voice the first to say "Amen!"

THE END.

WHAT A NICKEL DID.

It Paid a Batch of Debts Among the Newsboys.

"I learned the value of a nickel in a peculiar way to-day," said a man who was waiting in the postoffice. "I walked just around the corner from Nassau on Beekman street and stopped to let a little bootblack give me a 'shine.' Soon three or four little fellows gathered around me.

"'Say, Chimmie,' said one, 'I wants dat nickel. You owes it to me.'

"'Yes, an' when you gets it I wants dat 4 cents you owes me. See?' said another.

"'You owes me t'ree cents fer puttin' yer against dat bundle dis afternoon,' said a third.

"'You borrowed two papes from me yistiddy,' said a fourth, addressing the second, 'an' I wants dat penny.'

"Then counterclaims began to pour in. It appeared that each of the boys had debts and debtors, and when my nickel was handed over it was divided into pennies and they were passed around until they cleared about 50 cents of indebtedness. My only regret is that I can't remember which of the boys had the money when the financial transaction was finished."—New York Times.

A Discouraging Sign.

Mrs. Hunniker—"I'm really discouraged about our Will. I don't believe he is destined to be a great man, after all."

Mr. Hunniker — "Nonsense, nonsense! What's put that idea into your head?"

Mrs. Hunniker—"Why, look at this letter I've just received from him. He's been in college two years now, and his handwriting is still so good that you can read it right off, about like print."—Cleveland Leader.

It Might Be Better.

"What kind of a wife shall a young man marry?" asks a magazine writer. It strikes us that he'd better not marry any kind of a wife. Let him take a widow or a single young woman.—New York Advertiser.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Young Logan and W. F. Cody.

T. W. P., Hardy, Ark., sends us additional information regarding a brief article regarding John A. Logan, jr., and an answer in the Bureau, of the Weekly Blade of May 27, for which he will please accept thanks:

"In the acount of the trouble between John A. Logan, jr., and Gen. McCook, occurs this sentence: 'Captain Logan is not a toy soldier by any means. He was bred at West Point, but resigned from the army when he married.' Young Logan was a cadet at West Point a short time, but having violated some of the regulations, he was about to be tried by court martial, and would no doubt have been dismissed, but before the trial came off he resigned, and as his father was chairman of the Senate committee on Military Affairs, and as the West Point officials did not wish to incur his ill-will, they accepted his resignation, and he was never in the army at all. These facts I learned from my son, who was a room-mate of Jack Logan at West Point.

"The other refers to Buffalo Bill. Your answer in the Bureau says: 'In 1872 he was elected to the Nebraska legislature, but resigned after serving a short time.' The facts are these: W. F. Cody was a candidate for the legislature on the Independent ticket. When the board met to canvass the votes the returns from one county had not been received, but the board canvassed the votes, and Cody having a majority of the votes as canvassed, received the certificate of election. But his Republican opponent contested the election, and the returns from the other county having been received, he had a majority, and was given his seat in the legislature. But before the legislature met Cody resigned and made no effort to hold his seat. I do not write this to disparage Col. Cody, (as it was no doubt more to his credit not to have been a member of the legislature than to have been) but merely in the interest of accuracy. The truth is, Col. Cody never was in the legislature at all, as any one can ascertain by consulting the official journal. And the truth about Jack Logan is, he never was a 'toy,' or any other kind of a soldier, unless being on the governor's staff makes him one."

Appendicitis.

"What is appendicitis, and how cosued? Is it more fatal to children than in grown people and why?"—A. B. S., Hayes Center, Neb.

The vermiform appendix is found in man and some other animals. It is a slender tube, similar to a piece of intestine, closed at one end, the other opening into the caecum—the beginning of the large intestine. It is called an appendix, because it is a mere annex of the intestine. The word vermiform means worm-like, and describes its appearance. The medical suffix, "itis," means "inflammation of;" hence appendicitis is inflammation of the appendix. Its causes are obscure. Sometimes it is caused by a seed or other fragment of food working its way into the appendix; in other cases the cause is obscure. It is not more frequent in children than in adults, nor more fatal, except that their systems can not endure as much as that of an adult in the prime of life.

The Word "Leghorn."

"Please tell me the right pronunciation of the word 'Leghorn,' when applied to a breed of chickens. Some say the sound of the letter 'h' is dropped; but I have no standard authority to refer to, except where the word has a different meaning."—F. M. B., Dwale, Va.

There is but one pronunciation for the word. The meaning does not change it. It is "Leg-horn," accent on the first, the o in the second having the same sound as in not, and the h sounded. The pronunciation "leg-gern" is incorrect, though common.

Albion W. Tourgee.

"Please publish a short synopsis of the life of Albion W. Tourgee, novelist, author of A Fool's Errands, etc."—E. L. H., Seattle, Wash.

Albion Winegar Tourgee (pronounced toor-zhay, accent on second syllable) was born in Williamsfield, Ohio, May 2, 1838. He is the son of a farmer, and of Huguenot descent. He was a student in Rochester university in 1859-61, served in the Union army from 1861 to 1865, was wounded at Bull Run and Perryville, and was a prisoner in the hands of the Confederates for four months. After the war he settled at Greensboro, N. C., as a lawyer, farmer and editor. He opposed the plan of reconstruction that was adopted, favoring the establishment of territorial governments over the rebellious tates. He was an active member of the North Carolina constitutional conventions of 1868 and 1875, and was one of the commission to codify and revise the state laws. From April, 1868, to 1874 he was judge of the Superior court for the Seventh judicial district of North Carolina, and in February, 1876, was appointed pension agent for that state. This judicial district included the counties where the Ku-Klux Klan was most powerful and aggressive, and several unsuccessful raids were planned by them for his capture. In 1869-70 he published the Union Register, a newspaper, at Greensboro. In 1882 he established the Continent, a literary weekly, in Philadelphia, which was discontinued in 1885. He has since devoted himself to authorship and lecturing.

"Old Oaken Bucket."

"Will you please inform the readers of The Blade, who is the author of 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' in what year, and under what circumstances was the poem written?"—J. P. J., Troy, S. D.

The poem was written by Samuel Woodworth, born in Scituate, Mass., Jan. 13, 1785, died in New York city Dec. 9, 1842. He was bred a printer, and became publisher and editor. He was a frequent contributor to the press, and was the author of several operettas which met with success during his later life he was paralyzed, and his resources were meager. Of his numerous lyrics, the "Old Oaken Bucket" is the only one that will probably live.

The story of the writing of this poem is that Woodworth, with several companions were drinking together one summer afternoon, and one of them made a fervent wish that he could have as refreshing a drink as a draught from the old well bucket tasted when he was a boy. The story goes that Woodworth took pen and paper and at once dashed off the poem. The story is not authenticated, and is probably incorrect.

United States Prisoners.

"Why are United States prisoners from the extremes of the country sent to the Ohio State penitentiary?"—F. A. B., Sunbury, O.

The national government does not go to the expense of building a prison for those convicted under United States laws, but contracts with the state government of Ohio to keep Ohio prisoners from Western states in the Ohio penitentiary.

An Incorrect Couplet.

"Will you please state through your paper whether the sentences of the following couplet are properly constructed or not, and if the 'thee' means both father and mother, or just one? It has caused quite a discussion here."—J. M., Denison, Tex.

The couplet is this:

"Weep not, father and mother, for me,
For I am waiting in heaven for thee."

The couplet is incorrect. The word "thee" should be "you" to refer to both father and mother, as it evidently does.

Change of Name.

"A woman has children by her first husband, marries a second, and moves to this country from England. The children were small, so were never known by any other name than the second husband's. Should the said children live to marry, which name ought they to marry under—first or second?"—"B. W. E." Springfield.

This is one of the cases in which we can not advise, because we do not know all the facts. One thing is certain—it is always a bad thing to change one's name, unless it is done in proper legal form. Often the inheritance of property comes up as a disturbing factor—and that, too, where an inheritance is undreamed of. The right course in this case would seem to be for the second husband to adopt the former children, so as to give them a legal right to his name, and thus put the matter on record in a court of law. If there is objection to that, the children should go by their own proper name.

Grant at Appomattox.

"Will you tell me whether Gen. U. S. Grant was present at the surrender of Gen. Lee's army, and if so did Gen. Grant refuse to take his sword?"—T. B. S., Halewood, N. C.

Most certainly Grant was at Appomattox, where Gen. Lee surrendered. Grant and Lee met on the afternoon of April 9, 1865, at the McLean house, and held a conference lasting three hours, at which the terms of surrender were drawn up in writing by Grant, and accepted by Lee, both generals affixing their signatures. By its terms, the officers and men were paroled and allowed to return to their homes; all public property was to be turned over by Lee to the Union army, but the officers were allowed to keep their side-arms. We do not recall that a formal tender of his sword was made by Lee, but if it was Grant declined to receive it.

Removing Corns.

"Can you give me an instantaneous remedy for removing corns? Traveling doctors extract them in a few minutes by applying some chemical. Perhaps some reader would vivulge the secret."—W. L. C., Irving, Iowa.

There is nothing that will do this. The traveling fakirs simply rub on their mixture, which in all probability has no effect whatever, and then, either cut off or pull off the outer portion of the corn, which soon grows again.

The best remedy is this: Let a druggist take a two-ounce vial, and fill it up to the neck with salicylic acid, which is a white powder. Then let him take absolute alcohol—not the common commercial quality—and pour into the vial. The alcohol dissolves the salicylic acid instantly.

Every night, soak the feet well in warm water, then dry with a towel. Then put on the salicylic acid solution, with a camel's hair brush or something similar. Do not allow it to touch any portion except the corn. Apply thoroughly, and allow it to dry. Do this every evening. In a few days, you can pull the dead corn out. If only a portion comes off, continue the use of the solution until a cure is effected.

Sod Rings.

"Please give scientific cause of the rings of bright green grass on our prairie sod. They are from 6 to 12 inches wide and from ten to fifty feet in diameter."—W. J. H., Greensburg, Kan.

The editor is unable to answer. Will some reader who knows send us the facts? Are such rings common in all prairie regions of the West?

A Too-Frequent Question.

"Will you please inform me where I can have some specimens of rock examined to see if they contain metal of some kind?"—I. R. H. C., Horse Cave, Ky.

To publish an address to which you could write would be to violate a rule laid down by the proprietors of this paper for the guidance of the editor of the Bureau. Read the Rules above, and you will see that no addreses will be given. Why don't you write to the professor of geology in some college? He can give you the address of some good mineralogist or assayer. Or write to the commissioner of agriculture of your own state, at Frankfort.

Here is another question of the same sort, which should not have been asked:

"How can a person secure the address of a dealer in Japanese goods in Chicago?"—A. S., Newark, S. D.

Is there no merchant in your town who buys goods in Chicago? Have him, the next time he sends an order, ask the Chicago man for such an address. And please don't ask such questions of us.

West Virginia Officials.

"Please to publish the names of the state officers of West Virginia."—S. M., Lobella, W. Va.

Governor, Geo. W. Atkinson; Treasurer, M. A. Kendall; Auditor, M. Lafollette; Attorney General, E. P. Rucker; Superintendent of Schools, J. R. Trotter. All are Republicans.

Gray Hair.

"Will you please tell me how to prevent the hair from turning gray?"—N. E. C., Chiskelsville, Va.

We only wish we knew how to prevent the hair from turning gray! The man who discovers that secret—if it be possible to discover it—will have in his hands the making of an immense fortune. There is no possible way known to prevent the hair from turning gray. The most that can be done is to color it after it has turned; but that is only temporary, because, as the hair grows out, it is gray.

Under the Confederation.

"Please inform me if there were or were not any Presidents of the United States prior to Washington; if so, who were they, and during what years did they serve? This means while the Articles of Confederation was the law of the colonies."—O. E. M., Saxton, Pa.

Almost any school history contains the Articles of Confederation, and had you read them you would have found that there was no provision for any such official as President of the United States. Under the Confederation, Congress was a single body, and not divided into two houses, as is now the case. The Congress chose its own chairman, whose official title was "President of Congress," but who exercised none of the powers vested by the constitution in the President of the United States. His duties were similar to those of the speaker of the House of Representatives now.

Rifling in Guns.

"Please describe the difference between the smooth bore and the ordinary rifle."—G. L., Fontanelle, Ia.

The word rifle is derived from a German word which means to chamfer or groove. It is applied to an ordinary gun, because the interior of the barrel has spiral grooves, the effect of which is to give the ball a rotary motion when in the muzzle, which in turn secures greater accuracy of aim. The principle of rifling was not applied to artillery until about 40 years ago, but now all modern field siege guns are rifled.

Abraham Lincoln.

"A young speaker of this vicinity, in a public address, made the statement that Abraham Lincoln was subject to periods of insanity, and was twice confined in an insane asylum. Have you knowledge of such record?"—O.d Guard, Vandalia, Mo.

The story is an absurd falsehood. Why did not some sensible man in the audience—if there were any present—ask the "young speaker" for his authority—to name some life of Lincoln in which the statement was made, or some documentary evidence? That would have convicted him at once of his falsehood. There is not the smallest basis of truth for the story. Lincoln was eminently clear-headed, and a statesman of the highest mould—things utterly incompatible with insanity or recurrent mania.

Gen. Pakenham's Death.

In reply to the query by J. L., of Bloomingburg, O., B. A. B., Holt, Mich., states that in the Life of Andrew Jackson, written by James Parton, there is an account of the battle of New Orleans in which it is stated that Gen. Pakenham fell into the arms of Capt. McDougal, his aid. The following is taken from Parton's account of the battle:

"It was after Gen. Gibbs had reported to Pakenham his inability to secure the obedience of the troops that these incidents transpired.

"Taking off his hat, Gen. Pakenham spurred his horse to the very front of the wavering column, and a torrent of rifle balls, showering on the troops by voice, by gesture, by example. At that moment a ball shattered his right arm, and it fell powerless to his side. The next, his horse fell dead upon the field.

"His aid-de-camp, McDougal, dismounted from his black creole pony, and Pakenham, apparently unconscious of his dangling arm, mounted again, and followed the retreating column, still calling upon them to rally and reform. A few gallant spirits ran in toward the lines, threw themselves into the ditch, plunged across it, and fell scrambling up the sides of the soft and slippery breastwork.

"Once out of reach of those terrible rifles, the column halted and regained its self-possession. Laying aside their heavy knapsacks, the men prepared for a second and more resolute advance. They were encouraged, too, by seeing the superb Highlanders marching up in solid phalanx to their support, with a front of a hundred men, their bayonets glistening in the sun, which had begun to pierce the morning mist. Now for an irresistible onset!

"At a quicker step, with Gen. Gibbs on its right, Gen. Pakenham on the left, the Highlanders in clear and imposing view, the column again advanced into the fire. Oh! the slaughter then ensued! There was one moment, when a 32 pounder, loaded to the muzzle with musket balls, poured its charge directly at point-blank range, right into the head of the column, literally leveling it with the plain: laying low, as was afterward computed, two hundred men. The American line, as one of the British officers remarked, looked like a row of forty mowers.

"The heroic Pakenham had not far to go to meet his doom. He was three hundred yards from the lines when the real nature of his enterprise seemed to flash upon him, and he turned to Sir John Tilden and said: 'Order up the reserve.' Then, seeing the Highlanders advancing to the support of Gen. Gibbs, he, still waving his hat, but waving it now with his left hand, cried out: 'Hurrah! brave Highlanders!'

"At that moment a mass of grape-shot, with a terrible crash, struck the group of which he was the central figure. One of the shots tore open the general's thigh, killed his horse, and brought horse and rider to the ground. Capt. McDougal caught the general in his arms, removed him from the fallen horse, and was supporting him from the field when a second shot struck the wounded man in the groin, depriving him instantly of consciousness. He was borne to the rear and placed in the shade of an old live-oak, which still stands, and there, after gasping a few minutes, yielded up his life without a word, happily ignorant of the sad issue of all his plans and toils."

The African Skull.

"It is said that the bones of a negro's skull are not the same as the bones of a white man's. Please give us the facts of the matter."—G. E. M., Watervliet, Mich.

The bones of the African skull are the same in number, shape and relative size, as those in the Caucasian skull. The difference is, the bones are thicker in the African's cranium.

John Sherman's Religion.

"I was talking with a Bryanite the other day and he said that John Sherman, (our present secretary of state) was a Catholic. For information I want to know if the statement is true."—J. C. W., Eckert, Ind.

No, of course it is not true. John Sherman is not a Catholic, nor are any of his family. The wife of General W. T. Sherman was a Catholic, and her children adhere to the faith of their mother; they are the only Catholics in the Sherman family.

Besides, why does the Bryanite raise the question of any man's religious views? He is not true American if he objects to allowing any American citizen to hold his own views. Is he opposed to religious liberty, when it effects some one else than himself?

Flint Arrow Heads.

"How did the Indians of the Alleghanies, in Indiana and West Virginia dress out their darts and tomahawks a century ago? They were made of flint, the hardest rock known; and as they had no steel tools to dress them it is a mystery to me."—J. D. H., Kearney, Ind.

Flint rock possesses a conchoidal fracture; that is, it will split off in small flakes, and this splitting off is easily done, if one knows how. The famed Flint Ridge, in Licking county, Ohio, was the source of supply for the Indians of the West. There are great heaps of flint flakes lying there, and holes dug all over the ridge where they got the flint. A large lump was broken and split up by pounding with a stone. Then the flakes suitable for dressing into arrow or spear heads were dressed down, probably with a hard, pointed stick, as is done to-day by the Zuni Indians of New Mexico. Mr. Cushing, who spent several months with the Zunis, often saw the process, and became expert at it. A Zuni will take a slab of flint, and by sharp blows with the point of a stick chip off flakes until he shapes it properly. Mr. Cushing took the thick bottom of a glass tumbler, and made a perfect arrow-head out of it by the same process.

Indian tomahawks were made of hard, green stone, not of flint. The writer has seen large numbers of them, picked up in the fields of Southern Ohio.

A Telephone Question.

"I have a telephone on a (No. 12 iron galvanized wire) line 173 miles long, with 18 instruments on same. I use Bell receiver, ball transmitter, and 1,000 ohm induction coil. It does not talk strong enough. What can I do to make it talk plainer at the opposite end of line? Shall I increase the coil to 2,000 ohms or not? The transmitter will not bear over two batteries."—G. G. Y., Republic, Mo.

An electrical expert to whom we submitted your question says your line is too long, that you must make two lines of it, by stranging a second wire, and putting half the instruments on it.

That Rotary Engine.

"Will you tell me whether the rotary engine invented at Sleepy Eye, Minn., has become of any prominence in the scientific world?"—C. P. T., West Lima, Wis.

No. The story that Bramble was paid $6,000,000 by an English syndicate appears to have been circulated by himself, and is utterly false. Bramble is still working as a telegraph operator at $50 a month. He applied for and received a patent, and that is all. His engine is hardly practical, and is no better than dozens of other rotaries which have been patented.

The reported purchase, however, fired the minds of the thousand and one men whose daily dream is to hit upon some ingenious device and become immediately rich by disposing of it at a fabulous price. They at once set to work on the rotary engine, endeavoring to improve those that have been designed in the past, and as a result the patent office has been flooded with applications for patents on various styles of rotary engines. Several weeks ago, before the Bramble engine story was exploded, the average number of applications a month received at the patent office on rotary engines was about 30 or 35, but now as many as 50 applications are filed during the same period.

The fact is, no rotary engine yet devised can produce as much power in proportion to the steam used as a horizontal engine; hence they are not used.

London, the World's Metropolis.

"Why has the city of London grown so large? What natural advantages has it that have contributed to its growth?"—Subscriber, Harris, Mo.

The reasons are numerous. First, it is an old city. Its history going back to the days of Cæsar. The capital of the British Empire, and, especially when Parliament is in session, attracts political leaders from all over the country. England is a country with a large class of wealthy people, and fashion makes it a necessity that they shall have London residences, where they spend "the season," as the time of the sessions of Parliament is called. But the great cause of London's growth is its vast commercial interests. It is the heart of the commerce and finance of the world. The tendency in all civilized countries within the past half century for the people to drift into the cities has caused a wonderful acceleration of the growth of London, as it has all other great cities.

Rare Coins, Etc.

"I have in my possession an old 3-dollar bill on the bank of Westmoreland, Pa., bearing date of 1815. Is it of any value, or would it be valuable to collectors of souvenirs?"—M. H. D., Lawrenceville, Pa.

It has no value as a note, and as a souvenir would be worth just what any one saw fit to pay for it. Dealers in such thinks do not handle notes of banks.

T. Q. A., Westfield, Pa.: There are several different copper cents of 1839: 1, made from the dies of 1836, with the date changed; 2, made from the dies of 1838, the date changed; 3, the "silly head," so called from the expression on the face of Liberty; 4, the "booby" head—same reason; 5, same design as 1840. Only an expert can distinguish between the different ones. They are worth, in perfect condition, from 1 to 5 cents. The half dollar of 1803 is worth from 50 cents to $1, owing to condition. The half dollars of 1809 and 1818 are worth 50 cents. The quarter of 1836 is worth 25 cents. The half dime of 1829 is worth 5 cents. The 8-cent piece of 1837 is worth 8 cents. The copper half cent of 1805, from the die of 1803, is worth 6 cents, with stemless wreath, 2 cents. We know nothing of premiums on foreign coins, nor can we give addresses. See rules above.

P. B., Peone, Wash.: The half dime of 1854 is worth 5 cents. We do not answer questions by letter.

T. C., Ladonia, Tex.: In the list we have of colonial paper money, there is none given under that date, so we cannot tell what it is worth. We do not deal in such things, nor can we give addresses of dealers. Read the rules above.

L. W. K., McClellan, W. Va.: You should have sent a rubbing of the coin. From your description we think it is Mexican, but cannot be sure; nor can we tell its face value without knowing its size, which a rubbing would show. We know nothing of the premiums on foreign coins, so there is no use asking us that question.

The Ring Fingers.

"To settle a dispute, please tell which is the engagement and which the wedding ring finger, and how the custom of using rings signifying engagement and marriage originated?"—J. H., Science Hill, Ky.

The third finger of the left hand—the one next the little finger—is the wedding ring finger, and has been so used for centuries. Rings were used among the Romans to ratify contracts; and as marriage is a contract it became common to use a ring which is placed on the bride's finger by the groom during the ceremony. It used to be the custom in this country to wear the engagement ring on the first finger of the left hand, but now it is worn on the third finger also. The wedding ring is always a heavy, plain gold band. The engagement ring must be a jewel, and a diamond is the favorite one.

Our Total Debt.

"What is the total debt of the United States, national, state, municipal, county, township, village, corporation and private, according to the United States census or other competent authority?"—F. W. F., Atkinson, Ill.

The only reliable figures are those of the United States census of 1890, which gives the following:

National debt	$881,960,104
State debt	228,967,884
County debt	145,048,045
Municipal debt	724,423,060
School district debt	36,701,948

There are no statistics of private debts, of course.

Miscellaneous.

W. P. R., North Wolcott, Vt.: Your neighbor is misinformed. Personal property of all kinds is taxed in New York.

L. M., Ellensburg, Wash.: We do not think they are completed yet, and do not know when their keels were laid.

Sometimes a burglar only succeeds in damaging the lock of a safe so that the combination won't work. Next morning the bank officers can't get at their own money. There may be millions in the safe, but if their credit depended on getting at it in a hurry they would be bankrupt, simply because the combination won't work.

A sick man is in very much the same fix about getting at the nourishment he needs to keep him alive. There is plenty of good food at hand, but his digestive organism is out of order; the nutritive "combination" of his system won't work. He can't possibly get at the nourishment contained in the food. He takes it into his stomach, but it does him no good. It isn't made into good blood. He is just as badly off as if the food was locked up where he couldn't touch it. He gets no strength or health out of it.

All these nutritive conditions have a perfect and scientific remedy in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the nutritive "combination" of the system into perfect working order. It gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to make pure, red, healthy blood, and pour it into the circulation abundantly and rapidly.

It drives out all bilious poisons and scrofulous germs, cures indigestion, liver complaint, nervousness and neuraigia, and builds up solid flesh, active power and nerve force.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Grafton, York Co., Va., writes: "I was so sick with dyspepsia that I could not eat anything for over four months. I had to starve myself, as nothing would stay on my stomach. I was so badly off I could not eat even a cracker. I thought I was going to die. I weighed only 85 pounds. I tried almost everything, and nothing did me any good, until I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am now as well as I ever was, and weigh 125 pounds."

AN AVENUE COSTUME.

Lovely Confection in the New Gray and Red for Walking These Bright Spring Days.

"No matter what the gown is so long as you have the collarette, hat and parasol all to match; make those as elegant as possible, and you will have a chic costume; and chic the world over means something pretty." This is what the most elegant modiste in New York said to me recently.

The prettiest girl who strolled up-town last week had a round hat, with a high crown

A POSSIBILITY IN GRAY AND RED.

covered entirely with the new French grain net, which is stiff and heavily dotted with black chenille. Around the hat was a band of brilliant red satin ribbon, above which stood a bunch of small red poppies. The collarette was of the same net, trimmed with heavy puffings of the net, with more of the red poppies. The parasol was of gray net over red, with an enormous bunch of the flowers at the edge.

Over any gown those three articles would give an air of undoubted elegance, but worn with black to set them off they were positively dazzling.

THE STRANGER FROM ABROAD.

Learned Professor From Detroit Tells One on Himself.

As a learned professor tells this one on himself it must be given full credit:

"Partly to appreciate Detroit more when I came back, and partly to visit some relatives, I went down into New Jersey last season. Riding over the Camden and Amboy one day, I went into the smoker to enjoy the one weed I allow myself in twenty-four hours. It was pretty well crowded, and I found a seat by a rather ordinary looking man, who lit a match for me and entered into conversation. It was plain to see that he was an Englishman, and I asked him if he was doing America.

"'Been tryin' to,' he laughed, 'and had bloomin' good luck so far.'

"'Been South or West yet?'

"'Knocked about a bit in Mexico and made a flyin' trip over some of them bloody states down there,' and he laughed again.

"He seemed good natured and I asked him his impression of America.

"'She's all right,' he said. 'I'm doin' a little impression work over here myself,' still chuckling. 'You see,' he went on, 'I'm a blacksmith's striker, and I'm striving to make a hit or two. I'm some on sledge hammer blows, and there's sometimes bellows to mend when I get very busy.'

"I couldn't quite make the man out, but put him down as an eccentric Englishman of good intentions and gave him my card as I left him, asking him to see me if he ever came to Detroit. He said that he had no card, but told me that his name was Fitzsimmons, and again laughed as he said: 'Professor, I'd be glad to have a scientific gent like you at any of my entertainments.'"—Detroit Free Press.

—The confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla is due to its unequaled record of wonderful cures.

A Dire Strait.

"Mandy," said Farmer Corntossel, "when I re'lize how the coal trust is a squeezin' them city folks, an' makin' life a burden to 'em, I'm almost reconciled fer choppin' wood."

"What's jest ye to think that way about?"

"What I heard a feller ter town say. They've got the price o' coal up so hich that there don't seem ter be no reasonable way o' gettin' it. He looked mighty blue ez he told it, an' then, ter cheer him up some, but he reckoned he'd have some money ter burn before long."—Washington Star.

First Meeting With Mosquitoes.

Two Irishmen, just landed in America, were encamped on the open plain. In the evening they retired to rest and were soon attacked by swarms of mosquitoes. They took refuge under the bed clothes. At last one of them, ventured to peep out, and, seeing a firefly, exclaimed in tones of terror:

"Mickey, it's no use; there's one of the craythers searching for us wid a lantern."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Webster Anecdote.

Once while Mr. Webster was addressing the Senate the senate clock commenced striking, but instead of striking twice at 2 p. m. continued to strike without cessation more than forty times. All eyes were turned to the clock and Mr. Webster remained silent until the clock had struck about twenty, when he then appealed to the chair: "Mr. President the clock is out of order! I have the floor!"—Argonaut.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

To Prevent a Cow From Sucking Herself.

Subscriber, California: The most effectual way to keep a cow from sucking herself, take small slats of wood that reach from the back of the jawbone to near the shoulder. Bore a hole through the ends of each stick. Pass a strong twine through the holes with a knot tied, so that the slats will be kept three inches apart. This makes a cradle that must be put around the neck of the animal. To keep it from slipping, a strap may be put around the cow back of the shoulders, and the cradle held fast to it by a line between the legs and along the neck. This device allows the cow to graze unrestrained, but makes it impossible for her to get her mouth back to her teats. Regarding the taking up of stray stock in California the editor can give you no information. Perhaps some California subscriber will answer through The Blade or write to the secretary of the California agricultural department.

Castrating Ridgling.

A. W. B., Alabama: When the testicle or testicles have not entered the scrotum but remain in the inguinal canal or inside the abdomen to castrate the services of a skilled veterinary are absolutely necessary. The missing gland must be discovered by exploring through the natural channel, or, where this is absent, through the inquinal ring, or through an artificial opening made in front and above that channel between the abdominal muscles and the strong fascia on the inner side of the thigh. The spermatic cord is torn through by the ecraseur. The non-professional would almost surely ruin the horse if he attempted to castrate him.

Gapes in Chickens.

J. F. M. J., Virginia: The disease known as gapes consists of small threadlike worms that collect in the windpipe. It is an epidemic disease, and in many instances fatal. The worms are generated in foul water, or they may occur in chickens that have not sufficient nourishing food, or have been exposed to wet or are placed on damp ground. Once the worms are present, the chickens, in sneezing, will expel some of them, and when the worms reach the ground they live. Other chickens may pick them up while picking food. Remedies are: Strip a feather almost to the top. Insert this in the trachea, and give it a turn. Then pull it out and the worms will be brought out. A loop of horsehair will answer the same purpose. Alum and sulphur, equal parts, finely powdered, may be blown into the throat. But little of this should be used. Another remedy is to give the chickens a piece of camphor about the size of a pea.

Horse's Bowels Get Loose.

D. W. S., Pennsylvania: Your horse is suffering from indigestion. In giving him cold water to drink let it be done very slowly, and but little at a time, and always before feeding. He should be given a cathartic of 15 ozs. of raw linseed oil to clean out his bowels. Afterward examine the teeth to see if they are uneven or decayed. Put the feed in a large manger, where it may be spread well out, so that the animal must eat slowly. Examine the feces for worms. After the cathartic has operated, give this tonic: Baking soda, powdered ginger and powdered gentian, equal parts. Mix well and give in heaping tablespoonful doses twice a day before feeding. Give as a drench in half a pint of water. Do not permit him to eat much grass until he recovers.

Obstruction in Cow's Teat.

Subscriber, Iowa: The lump in the udder that drops into the teat may be of a cheesy substance that can readily be removed by taking of carbonate of soda, or saleratus, a teaspoonful dissolved in half a pint of warm water, and injecting it well into the teat. Where small tumors form on the teat a milking tube may be used until the trouble is overcome. If a permanent obstacle forms in the teat, it may be removed by means of a blunt end steel probe, having an inch below the end triangular, sharp edges projecting slightly, so as to cut the obstruction and form a passage. The passage is kept open with a wooden plug, with a head. This plug must be kept in between milkings, and a milking tube used during milking.

More Has Thoroughpin.

O. S., Pennsylvania. Thoroughpin is a bursal disease. It is a disease of hocks, having the part of the hock short, and is fine less often seen where the point of the hock is long. To treat, stop all work and place the animal in a box stall. Give a physic of raw linseed oil, 16 ozs.; spirits of sweet nitre, 1 oz. If there is indammation, reduce with hot fomentations; then apply this: Red iodide of mercury, drachm; lard, 2 ozs. Rub this in once a day, washing off before each application with warm water and soap. Dry well before applying. Keep this up for five days, then heal with a little unsalted lard.

Cracked Heels in Horse.

F. R. C., West Virginia: Give the horse Barbadoes aloes, 2½ drachms; linseed oil, 1 pint. After this operates, put a yeast poltice on the heels for 48 hours, changing night and morning. The horse must feed on a lowered diet and give no corn. After poulticing and the physic has ceased, use this on the heels: Powdered sulphate of zinc, 1 drachm; distilled water, 10 ozs. All evacuations must be removed at once and all straw having urine on it taken from the stall. By care the horse will be all right.

Low Land—Grain Dies.

Mrs. S. R., Tennessee: The kind of soil of which you speak should be thoroughly drained, as the water is of an antiseptic nature, and will not permit of full development of grain crops unless fitted for them. All the moisture beneath must be removed, and the soil must

Talmage's Sermon.

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

It Prompted Eve to Take the Fruit That Was Forbidden.

New York, June 14.—A new interpretation of the calamity in Paradise is given by Dr. Talmage in this sermon, which is laden with practical lessons. The text is Genesis iii. 6: "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat."

It is the first Saturday afternoon in the world's existence. Ever since sunrise Adam has been watching the brilliant pageantry of wings and scales and crowds and in his first lessons in zoology and ornithology and ichthyology he has noticed that the robins fly the air in twos, and that the fish swim the waters in twos, and that the lions walk the fields in twos, and in the warm redolence of that Saturday afternoon he falls off into slumber; and as if by allegory to teach all ages that the greatest of earthly blessings is sound sleep this paradisiacal somnolence ends with the discovery on the part of Adam of a corresponding intelligence just landed on a new planet. Of the mother of all the living I speak—Eve, the first, the fairest, and the best.

I make me a garden. I inlay the paths with mountain moss, and I border them with pearls from Ceylon and diamonds from Golconda. Here and there are fountains tossing in the sunlight and ponds that ripple under the paddling of the swans. I gather me lilies from the Amazon and orange groves from the tropics, and tamarinds from Goyas. There are woodbine and honeysuckle climbing over all the wall, and starred spaniels sprawling themselves on the grass. I invite amid these trees the larks, and the brown thrushes, and the robins, and all the brightest birds of heaven, and they stir the air with infinite chirp and carol. And yet the place is a desert filled with darkness and death as compared with the residence of the woman of the text, the subject of my story. Never since have such skies looked down through such leaves into such waters. Never has river wave had such curve and sheen and bank as adorned the Pison, the Havilah, the Gihon, and the Hiddekel, even the pebbles being bdellium and onyx stone! What fruits, with no curculio to sting the rind! What flowers with no slug to gnaw the root! What atmosphere, with no frost to chill and with no heat to consume! Bright colors tangled in the grass. Perfume in the air. Music in the sky. Great scene of gladness and love and joy.

Right there under a bower of leaf and vine and shrub occurred the first marriage. Adam took the hand of this immaculate daughter of God and pronounced the ceremony when he said: "Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." A forbidden tree stood in the midst of that exquisite park. Eve enantering out one day alone looks up at the tree and sees that beautiful fruit, and wonders if it is sweet, and wonders if it is sour, and standing there, says: "I think I will just put my hand upon the fruit; it will do no damage to the tree; I will not take the fruit to eat, but I will just take it down to examine it." She examined the fruit. She said: "I do not think there can be any harm in my just breaking the rind of it." She put the fruit to her teeth, she tasted, she allowed Adam also to taste the fruit, the door of the world opened, and the monster Sin entered. Let the heavens gather blackness, and the winds sigh on the bosom of the lake, and cavern, and desert, and earth, and sky join in one long, deep, hell-rending howl—"The world is lost!"

Beasts that before were harmless, and full of play put forth claw, and sting, and tooth, and tusk. Birds whet their beak for prey. Clouds troop in the sky. Sharp thorns shoot up through the soft grass. Blastings on the leaves. All the chords of that great harmony are snapped. Upon the brightest home this world ever saw our first parents turned back and led forth on a path of sorrow the broken-hearted myriads of a ruined race.

Do you not see, in the first place, the danger of a poorly regulated inquisitiveness? She wanted to know how the fruit tasted. She found out, but six thousand years have deplored that unhealthful curiosity. Healthful curiosity has done a great deal for letters, for art, for science, and for religion. It has gone down into the depths of the earth with geologist and seen the first chapter of Genesis written in the book of nature illustrated with engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, until from their sepulchre there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheater. Healthful curiosity has enlarged the telescopic vision of the astronomer until worlds hidden in the distant heavens have trooped forth and have joined the choir praising the Lord. Planet weighed against planet and wildest comet lassooed with resplendent law. Healthful curiosity has gone down and found the tracks of the eternal God in the polypi and the starfish under the sea and the majesty of the great Jehovah encamped under the gorgeous curtains of the dahlia. It has studied the spots on the sun, and the larva in a beech leaf, and the light under a firefly's wing, and the terrible eye-glance of a condor pitching from Chimborazo. It has studied the myriads of animalculae that make up the phosphorescence in a ship's wake, and the mighty maze of suns and spheres, and constellations, and galaxies that blaze on in the march of God. Healthful curiosity has stood by the inventor until forces that were hidden for ages came to wheels, levers, and shafts and shuttles—forces that fly the air, or swim the sea, or cleave the mountain, until the earth jars, and roars, and rings, and crackles, and booms, with strange mechanism, and ships with nostrils of hot steam and yokes of fire, draw the continents together.

I say nothing against healthful curiosity. May it have other Leyden jars, and other electric batteries, and other voltaic piles, and other magnifying glasses, with which to storm the barred castles of the natural world until it shall surrender its last secret. We thank God for the geological curiosity of Professor Hitchcock, and the mechanical curiosity of Liebig, and the zoological curiosity of Cuvier, and the inventive curiosity of Edison; but we must admit that unhealthful and irregular inquisitiveness has rushed thousands and tens of thousands into ruin.

Eve just tasted the fruit. She was curious to find out how it tasted, and that curiosity blasted her and blasted all nations. So there are clergymen in this day inspired by unhealthful inquisitiveness who have tried to look through the keyhole of God's mysteries—mysteries that were barred and bolted from all human inspection, and they have wrenched their whole moral nature out of joint by trying to pluck fruit from branches beyond their reach, or have come out on limbs of the tree from which they have tumbled into ruin without remedy. A thousand trees of religious knowledge from which we may eat and get advantage; but from certain trees of mystery how many have plucked their ruin! Election, free agency, trinity, resurrection—in the discussion of these subjects hundreds and thousands of people ruin the soul. There are men who actually have been kept out of the kingdom of heaven because they could not understand who Melchisedec was not!

Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthful inquisitiveness! It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the eye-stare and mouth-gape of curiosity. They are the first to hear a falsehood, build it another story high and two wings to it. About other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's affairs, they are overanxious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of tittle-tattle. They invite and sumptuously entertain at their house Colonel Twaddle and Esquire Chitchat and Governor Smalltalk. Whoever hath an innuendo, whoever hath a scandal, whoever hath a valuable secret, let him come and sacrifice it to this goddess of splutter. Thousands of Adams and Eves do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them. Men quite well known as mathematicians failing in the computation of moral algebra; good sense plus good breeding, minus curiosity, equals minding your own affairs!

Then, how many young men, through curiosity, go through the whole realm of French novels to see whether they are really as bad as moralists have pronounced them! They come near the verge of the precipice just to look off. They want to see how far it really is down, but they lose their balance while they look, and fall into remediless ruin; or, catching themselves, clamber up, bleeding and ghastly, on the rock, gibbering curses or groaning ineffectual prayer. By all means encourage healthful inquisitiveness, by all means discourage ill-regulated curiosity.

This subject also impresses me with the fact that fruits that are sweet to the taste may afterward produce bitterness. Forbidden fruit for Eve was so pleasant she invited her husband also to take of it; but her banishment from paradise and six thousand years of sorrow, and wretchedness, and war, and woe paid for that luxury. Sin may be very sweet at the start, and it may induce great wretchedness afterwards. The cup of sin is sparkling at the top, but there is death at the bottom. Intoxication has great exhilaration for awhile, but it flips the blood, and it makes a man see five stars where others can see only one star, and it makes the poor man rich, and turns checks which are white, red as roses; but what about the dreams that come after, when he seems falling from great heights, or is prostrated by other fancied disasters, and the perspiration stands on the forehead—the night dew of everlasting darkness—and he is ground under the horrible hoof of nightmares shrieking with lips that crackle with all-consuming torture?

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." Seed at the start, horrible at the last. Go into that hall of revelry, where ungodly mirth staggers and blasphemes. Listen to the senseless gabble, see the last trace of intelligence dashed out from face made in God's own image. "Aha! aha!" says the roystering inebriate; "this is joy for you; fill high your cups, my boys. I drink to my wifes' misery and my children's rags, and my Gods defiance." And he knows not that a fiend stirs the goblet in his hand and that adders uncoil from the dregs and thrust their forked tongues hissing through the fronts on the rim. The Philistines jeered and laughed and shouted at Samson. Oh, they wanted him to make sport for them, and he made sport for them! How bright and gay was the scene for a little while! After awhile the giant puts one hand against this pillar, and the other hand against that pillar, and bows himself, and three thousand merry-makers are mashed like grapes in a wine press. Sin rapturous at the start, awful at the last.

That one Edenic transgression did not seem to be much, but it struck a blow which to this day makes the earth stagger. To find out the consequences of that one sin you would have to compel the world to throw open all its prison doors and display the crime, and throw open all the hospitals and display the disease, and throw open all its insane asylums and show the wretchedness, and open all the sepulchres and show the dead, and open all the doors of the lost world and show the damned. That one Edenic transgression stretched chords of misery across the heart of the world and struck them with dolorous wailing, and it has seated the plagues upon the air and the shipwrecks upon the tempest, and fastened like a leech, famine to the heart of the sick and dying nations. Beautiful at the start, horrible at the last. Oh, how many have experienced it!

Are there here those who are votaries of pleasure? Let me warn you, my brother. Your pleasure boat is far from shore, and your summer day is ending roughly, for the winds and the waves are loud-voiced, and the overcoming clouds are all awrithe and agleam with terror. You are past the "Narrows" and almost outside the "Hook," and if the Atlantic take thee, frail mortal, thou shalt never get to shore again. Put back, row swiftly, swifter, swifter! Jesus from the shore casteth a rope. Grasp it quickly, now or never. Oh, are there not some of you who are freighting all your loves and joys and hopes upon a vessel which shall never reach the port of heaven? Thou nearest the breakers. One heave upon the rocks. Oh, what an awful crash was that! Another lunge may crush thee beneath the spars of grind thy bones to powder amid the torn timbers. Overboard for your life, overboard! Trust not that loose plank nor attempt the wave, but quickly clasp the feet of Jesus walking on the watery pavement, shouting until he hear thee: "Lord, save me, or I perish." Sin beautiful at the start and, oh, how sad, how distressful at the last! The ground over which the serpent has trailed low. The fruit it offers to your taste is poison. The promise it makes to you is a lie. Over that ungodly banquet the keen sword of God's judgment hangs, and there are ominous handwritings on the walls.

Observe also in this subject how repelling sin is when appended to great attractiveness. Since Eve's death there has been no such perfection of womanhood. You could not suggest an attractiveness to the body or suggest any refinement to the manner. You could add no gracefulness to the gait, no lustre to the eye, no sweetness to the voice. A perfect God made her a perfect woman, to be the companion of a perfect man in a perfect home, and her entire nature vibrated in accord with the beauty and song of Paradise. But she rebelled against God's government, and with the same hand with which she plucked the fruit she launched upon the world the crimes, the wars, the tumults that have set the universe a-wailing.

A terrible offset to all her attractiveness. We are not surprised when we find men and women naturally vulgar going into transgression. We expect that people who live in the ditch shall have the manners of the ditch, but how shocking when we find sin appended to superior education and to the refinements of social life! The accomplishments of Mary Queen of Scots make her patronage of Darnley, the profligate, the more appalling. The genius of Catherine II. of Russia, only sets forth in more powerful contrast her unappeasable ambition. The translations from the Greek and the Latin by Elizabeth, and her wonderful qualifications for a queen, make the more disgusting her capriciousness of affection and her hotness of temper. The greatness of Byron's mind makes the more alarming Byron's sensuality.

Let no one think that refinement of manner or exquisiteness of taste or superiority of education can in any wise apologize for intemperance, for an oppressive spirit, for unkindness, for any kind of sin. Disobedience Godward and transgression manward can give no excuse. Accomplishment heaven-given is no apology for vice hell-deep.

My subject also impresses me with the regal influence of woman. When I see Eve with this powerful influence over Adam and over the generations that have followed, it suggests to me the great power all women have for good or evil. I have no sympathy, nor have you, with the hollow flatteries showered upon woman from the platform and the stage. They mean nothing; they are accepted as nothing. Woman's nobility consists in the exercise of a Christian influence; and when I see this powerful influence of Eve upon her husband and upon the whole human race, I make up my mind that the frail arm of woman can strike a blow which will resound through all eternity down among the dungeons or up among the thrones.

Of course I am not speaking of representative women—of Eve, who ruined the race by one fruit picking; of Jael, who drove a spike through the head of Sisera, the warrior; of Esther, who overcame royalty; of Abigail, who stopped a host by her own beautiful prowess; of Mary, who nursed the world's Savior; of Grandmother Lois, immortalized in her grandson Timothy; of Charlotte Corday, who drove the dagger through the heart of the assassin of her lover; or of Marie Antoinette, who by one look from the balcony of her castle quieted a mob, her own scaffold the throne of forgiveness and womanly courage.

I speak not of these extraordinary persons, but of those who, unambitious for political power, as wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, attend to the thousand sweet offices of home.

When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of nations, it will be found that the mightiest and grandest influence came from home, where the wife cheered up despondency and fatigue and sorrow by her own sympathy, and the mother trained her child for heaven, starting the little feet on the path to the Celestial City; and the sister by their gentleness refined the manners of the brothers, and the daughters were diligent in their kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blessing on the road that leads father and mother down the steep of years. God bless our homes! And may the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister grandfather and grandmother, and grandchild, and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death;
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

SILENT SUFFERERS.

Women do not Like to Tell a Doctor the Details of Their Private Ills.

The reason why so many women suffer in silence from the multiple disorders connected with their sexual system is that they cannot bear to broach the subject to a man, even if he is a physician.

No one can blame a modest, sensitive woman for this reticence. It is unnecessary in these times, however, for a woman makes to all afflicted women a most generous offer. Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., bids every woman who suffers to write to her and confide every symptom that annoys her, and she will give her advice without charge, and that advice is based upon the greatest experience ever possessed by man or woman in this country, and extends over a period of twenty-three years, and thousands upon thousands of cases. Why suffer in silence any longer, my sister, when you can get help for the asking? Don't fear to tell her everything.

The case of Mrs. Colony, whose letter to Mrs. Pinkham we publish, is an illustration of the good to be received from Mrs. Pinkham's advice; here is a woman who was sick for years and could get no relief—at last in despair she wrote to Mrs. Pinkham—received in return a prompt, sympathetic and interested reply. Note the result and go and do likewise.

"I was troubled with such an aching in my back and hips, and I felt so tired all the time, and had for four years. For the last year it was all I could do to drag around. I would have such a ringing in my head by spells that it seemed as though I would grow crazy. I ached from my shoulders to my feet and was very nervous. I was also troubled with a white discharge. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., received a prompt reply and followed her advice, and now I have no backache and begin to feel as one ought; in fact, I never felt better in ten years than I do now. I thank God that I went doctoring with Mrs. Pinkham when I did, for if I had not I know I would have been in my grave."
—MRS. NELLIE E. COLONY, Nahma, Mich.

NORFOLK JACKET.

A Stylish Pattern, Box-Plaited and Closed at the Left Side.

The trim Norfolk jacket is an addition that should be frequently made to every ladies' wardrobe, as its serviceableness at all seasons of the year cannot be overestimated and its cost may be made very slight, says the Delineator. It accommodates panies skirts of cloth, silk and novelty wool or cotton goods and the style in which it is illustrated meets the present demands of fashion. The perceptibly smaller sleeves is one of the acceptable features—indeed, the jacket is renewing its youth instead of representing a vogue that has a tendency to become obsolete.

Tan-faced cloth decorated with black braid is here pictured in the jacket, which fits the figure trimly owing to the well-adjusted lining, which may, however, be omitted, as the jacket itself is fitted by bust darts under the plaits. The choice of color for a jacket of this kind is more important than is generally assumed. Conspicuous shades of cloth should be avoided, the safe selection being among the browns, dark-greens, blues and tans. Braid is the ornamentation most approved, but machine-stitching alone is a simple decorative finish highly favored.

AN EARNEST PLEA.

Why Meandering Mike and Plodding Pete Were Worried.

"Well," said the employe of the brewery, rather roughly, according to the Washington Star, "what do you people want around here?"

"Aw, you needn't get scared," replied Meandering Mike. "We don't want nothin' to drink."

"Leastways, we don't expect ter git nothin'," added Plodding Pete. "We come around ter give ye some advice about how ter run yer business."

"I know. You think we ought to give away things instead of asking money for them."

"No; I don't look for no miracles. I know that ye've got avarice in yer system an' there's no use of anybody's tryin' ter git it out. Ye've heard about what the gover'ment's likely to do."

"You mean about putting an extra tax of 50 cents a barrel on beer?"

"Yep."

"Of course we've heard about it."

"Did a feller I met a short time ago tell me right when he said there was water in beer, or was he just tryin' ter make me unhappy?"

"Of course, there's water in all beverages."

"If that extry tax is put on beer it'll cost ye that much more, won't it?"

"Certainly."

"An' ye'll be tempted ter economize somewhere if ye kin do it so's it won't cause too much dissatisfaction."

"That may be."

"Well, mister, all we wanted to do was ter impress on yer mind the fact that the little things counts, an' that quickly when the pot of water from a well it means a lot of wear an' tear on a pump, an' if ye take it from the city they measure it off for ye in a meter an' make ye pay fur every foot of it. Mister, if the time comes when ye feel that ye've got ter dispense wit somethin', fur goodness' sake leave out the water."

Over the Handle Bar.

She smiled at me as she swiftly passed,
Over the handle bar;
That sunny smile was the maiden's last,
Over the handle bar;
She cannoned hard on a naughty stone,
She took a header she couldn't postpone,
And her twinkling heels in the moonlight shone,
Over the handle bar.
—Irish Cyclist.

AN INDIAN NEW WOMAN.

How She Was Dressed—Her Husband is Worth $250,000.

The newest of new women, and yet one of the oldest, if the aborigines may be classed as "old," was yesterday seen on the street of St. Louis, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. She was a splendid specimen of womanhood, strikingly handsome and superbly proportioned, and was dressed in bloomers, although they differed in style and cut from any worn by the St. Louis girls. She was an Indian woman, the full-blooded daughter of a chief of the Sioux tribe, one of the fiercest and most blood-thirsty bands which ever troubled the settlers of the West, and her dress was one of the most decmar ever seen on the streets of a great city. A dark hat of modern style half hid a quantity of raven black hair on her splendid head, and a long ulster of the most recent fashion enveloped her, outlining her fine figure to advantage. But below this there flapped out as she walked the most remarkable part of her dress, and that which attracted the most attention—her bloomers. They were cut long and traight, like men's trousers and were small at the bottom, so that they were rather loose about the ankles. These bloomers were of black silk, and the inner and outer seams were decorated with four or five rows of beads of various colors and worked in fanciful designs. Flowers, snakes and animals ran up and down the side and made the bloomers, or trousers, a thing to attract attention anywhere, and especially on so handsome a woman. Her complexion was olive, like that of a Spanish girl, and clear; her cheeks were rosy and her voice low, but her eyes were dark and piercing, and seemed to look through one. But with all her fanciful dress and her name of Talaconma she is the wife of one of the richest merchants of the great southwest and is on her way to Europe, where she will doubtless be received by royalty.

In direct contrast to this woman was one of her companions. Taller than she, with hair as light as hers was dark and light blue eyes, his ruddy, sunburnt face was partially shaded by the broad-brimmed sombrero, which was tipped to one side on his head. As he walked there was a swing to his gait that told of the easy gallop of the mustang and everything in his manner bespoke the cowboy. His shirt, which was expensive material, was made negligee fashion and cut low at the neck, showing a powerful neck, tanned by the exposure of many suns on the plain. His clothes, too, were of expensive material, but the cut was a trifle odd. Still they gave one the impression that they were paid for and that the man who wore them had his own opinions as to how clothes should be made for him, as he was the man to wear them. He walked along, frequently squirting a stream of tobacco juice through his white teeth and stroking his long blonde mustache. The man was Samuel Brennan, is worth $250,000 and is one of the most successful merchants in Texas.

Between this strangely assorted pair walked a youngster, about 6 years old, and his dress was as stylish as that of his companion's was unconventional. A leather Tam O'Shanter was placed jauntily on one side of his crown of golden curls and he wore a velvet coat of Fauntleroy pattern. His little feet were encased in swell patent leather boots, and above them, extending nearly to the hip, were leather leggings. These were decorated somewhat after the manner of the bloomers which the woman beside him wore, but were not so noticeable because of the decoration, as there were only two rows of beads and they were dark in color. The little fellow carried a cane, which he swung to and fro like a fifth avenue dude, and yet the Indian woman is his mother and he is the heir to $250,000 and is going abroad to enjoy the advantages of foreign travel.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A HAT.

She Married Jack and Then Forgot the Moving Cause.

"Oh, you dear thing!" cried the girl in the empire jacket, according to the Chicago Times-Herald, as she stepped aboard the cars, "to think that I've only just heard of your marriage. I was away at the time, you know, and I just can't forgive you for not letting me know all about it."

"Well, you see, it was very sudden," said the young woman in the fur collarette. "I only knew it myself 48 hours before it happened. You see, I had decided to be married in the spring anyhow, but I liked Jack and Edgar equally well, and I couldn't decide which——"

"Yes," said the girl in the empire jacket, breathlessly, and how did you decide?"

"I put them both to a test," said the young woman in the fur collarette, "and Jack stood it."

"You didn't make them fight a duel, did you?"

"Mercy, no. That is away behind the times. I just took each of them for a walk and stopped before a milliner's window to——"

"You clever, original thing!"

"Yes—to admire the hats. I said to Edgar, 'I'm trying to decide which one of these suits me best. I've tried them all on and I can't decide. Give me your opinion.'"

"Yes, yes, don't stop; I'm dying to hear——"

"He pointed to one bearing a ticket which said: 'Marked down to $1.49,' and said: 'That one, they all seem to, it would just suit the shape of your head.'"

"Oh, I see. A husband like that would tell you that you looked better in a calico frock than——"

"A silk? Exactly. I rejected him that day. The following afternoon Jack and I went for a walk."

"And stopped before the same window?"

"M'hm. Then Jack displayed his real nobility. He said, 'If I had anything to say to it, I'd select that one.' It was placarded, 'The very latest, $22.' I knew I'd never find such a noble creature again, so I married him two days later!"

"And you were right, too. Of course the first thing he did after you were married was to buy you that hat! How awfully romantic! Of course you haven't worn it out in two months. You must let me see it when I come to call to-morrow!"

A queer look flashed over the bride's face and she gasped: "Why, no; he didn't. I—I never once thought of that. Conductor stop the car!"

"Why, where are you going?" asked the girl in the empire jacket.

"To Jack's office," said the bride firmly. "I—we have an errand to do before I go home!"

She Hadn't Thought of That.

"I will never marry a man who uses tobacco in any form."

"Not even if it happens to be in good form?"

She pondered. The slavishness of woman to convention is proverbial.—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Much Improvement.

"I suppose you've got rid of the girl in the next room who played the piano!"

"Yes, but there's a woman in there now who keeps her husband awake half the night coaxing him for a new bicycle."

"Do you know the woman?"

"Yes, she's my wife."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Brute.

Mrs. Rumpus—"George, when we were courting you used to say you liked me because I was just the height of your heart."

Mr. Rumpus—"But I forgot that it was in my breast pocket that I carried my pocketbook."—Pittsburg News.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

COOL SUMMER TOILETTE.

Shirt-Waist With Pointed Back-Yoke and Removable Collar.

The up-to-date miss will not be found wanting in shirt-waists of becoming color and shapeliness, nor will she be without a sailor hat and tan shoes. In the mode pictured the shirt-waist of pink cheviot accompanies a skirt of figured challis; a white linen collar and cuffs complete the waist and a satin band-bow and leather belt are essential accessories. The waist has a pointed back-yoke, which extends over the shoulders to the front, where be-

coming fulness is collected in gathers at the neck and shoulder edges and in lapped plaits at the waist-line. The cool sleeves have tucks extending from the wrists to a little below the elbows. The four-piece skirt has a straight backbreadth.

Zephyr gingham, lawn, dimity, organdy, batiste and linen are some of the materials that will be selected for the shirt-waist, which may be easily made with the aid of a pattern and requires no garniture, a simple finish of machine-stitching being all that is necessary. It is here represented from the Delineator.

JOHNNY'S EQUIVOCAL SPEECH.

Public Utterance That Left Room for Doubt as to Where He Was At.

A small orator made his debut in front of a large audience at a west side club house the other night, and it is safe to predict that he will not follow further in the footsteps of Demosthenes after his recent experience. His deluded but loving family, who had egged him on to this sacrifice were mostly with him in the dressing room. His age being 7 they wanted him to be sure that his bangs did not fall over his eyes and obscure his view of his mother, father, aunt, uncles, and cousins in reserved seats directly in front.

"Now, Johnny," said the mother, "be sure you make a nice bow."

"You bet I will," said Johnny with a swagger.

"And let your hands hang easily by your side, like this," and his father struck an attitude.

"Of course," assented Johnny.

"Are you sure you know your piece?" asked his sister, anxious to have him succeed.

"Yep," said Johnny, and he recited the first two lines:

I wish I had a little dog,
To pat him on the head.

"That's right, he'll do splendidly," remarked his mother. "You'll go on in a minute now, and we must get into our seats. Don't you be scared a bit, Johnny."

"Who's scared?" asked Johnny, who began to feel a sinking of the knees, while his heart seemed to rise until it was in his mouth, and then somebody was pushing him forward, and he saw a lot of faces, not one of which he had ever seen before, and it was lighter than any electric searchlight he had ever seen.

"Speak up, now," said the manager of the entertainment. "Make your bow and say your piece."

Johnny made his bow and the audience applauded, but he had a difficulty in finding his tongue, which seemed lost in the roof of his mouth. His hands hung down as his father had suggested, making him look like a little wooden man, and when he forgot and stuffed them into his pockets the audience again applauded. The manager took that opportunity for a stage whisper.

"Speak up, now, and be began with the first line. Then Johnny said in a strange, hoarse voice:

I wish I had a little pat
To dog him on the head.

Roars of laughter and frantic demonstrations on the part of Johnny's family. He began again:

I wish I had a little pat
To head him on the dog.

His father rose in his seat, but this only added to Johnny's confusion. Again the brave boy essayed:

I wish I had a little dog.
To head him on the pat.

Then a weary family took Johnny by the hand and led him home.—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Wise Men Know

It is folly to build upon a poor foundation. The architecture of health. A foundation of sand is insecure, and to deaden symptoms by narcotics or nerve compounds is equally dangerous and deceptive. The true way to build up health is to make your blood pure, rich and nourishing by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

A SONG.

Nay, but you, who do not love her,
Is she not pure gold, my mistress?
Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her?
Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,
And this last fairest tress of all,
So fair, see, ere I let it fall?

Because you spend your lives in praising,
To praise you search the wide world over;
Then why not witness, calmly gazing,
If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her?
Above this tress, and this, I touch
But cannot praise, I love so much!
—Robert Browning.

Not a Welcome Topic.

She—It was just three years ago to-night that you proposed.

He—Now, what did you want to bring that up for on the only night of the week that I have away from business?—Indianapolis Journal.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Siam's army is to be reorganized by Russian army officers, over a hundred officers having volunteered as instructors in answer to a circular from the War department. The King of Siam will select fifty from among them.

An avalanche in Kashmir, involving the loss of life of several English officers, which has been paining many people in England, turns out to be the invention of a native servant, who had run away from one of the officers.

Bavaria's representative at Queen Victoria's celebration will be Prince Ruprecht, eldest son and heir of Archduchess Maria Theresa of Modena-Este, who, according to the Legitimist Kalendar, should by rights be in Victoria's place.

Sheffield's mayor is the Duke of Norfolk. On the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit, he gave a feast to 50,000 school children and their 1,800 teachers at his country house near by, where he subsequently gave a tea to 8,000 persons over 60 years of age.

Bishop Talbot of Rochester has started the borough of Southwark by walking through its streets early one week-day morning in full vestments, with mitre and cope. He had to open a church, and preferred to walk to it from the house where he had dressed rather than take a cab.

SUBSTITUTION

the FRAUD of the day.

See you get Carter's.

Ask for Carter's.

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills

The only perfect

Liver Pill.

Take no other,

Even if

Solicited to do so.

Beware of imitations

of Same Color Wrapper.

RED.

ALLEGED HUMOR.

Mammy—See yere, yo' Jefferson! Why foh didn't yo' cut me no wood to cook de fish with?

Jefferson—I done 'membered 'bout dat, mammy, so I didn't ketch no fish.—Puck.

"As a rule," says an exchange, "a man's hair turns gray five years earlier than a woman's." This is probably a mistake. The average man doesn't have time to keep pulling them out—that's all.—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Greene—Tell me, aren't there any expresses running to your town?

Mrs. Gray—Of course there are—plenty of them. Why do you ask?

Mrs. Greene—My husband has told me that he has seen your husband almost every night on his way home, and he always had more than he could carry.—Boston Transcript.

Twentieth Century Love Scene.—Suitor—Ah, dearest Irma, what ecstasy lies in this sweet passion of love which makes the heart flutter and the pulse beat faster.

Irma (recent graduate of a medical school, seizing his hand)—Ha, villain! You are deceiving me! Your pulse is quite normal—only seventy-two. Begone!—Fliegende Blaetter.

Crowd All Gone Then.—"I hope," said the young tragedian to the pretty girl whom he had prevailed upon to witness his initial performance of Hamlet, "that you had no trouble in the crowd at the exits."

"Oh, no," said the pretty girl, wearily, "I stayed until the last act, you know."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Fuddy—Isn't Miss Smarte a little extravagant? I notice she wears a silk about every day in the week. Don't think I ever saw her in calico.

Duddy—Oh, that's not extravagance. The fact is, she's terribly set against the personal element in journalism—so much so, indeed, that she never allows herself to appear in print.—Boston Transcript.

"It's surprising how impracticable some very learned men are."

"Yes, even Professor Lingwist, for example. He spent over half his life in acquiring fluency in nine or ten different languages, and then went and married a wife who never gives him a chance to get a word in edgeways."—New York Truth.

She—I think it is cruel to catch fish.

He—But I'm not catching any. I'm merely feeding them.—Puck.

"But you are too young," pleaded the anxious mother. "No girl should marry before her mind is fully formed."

"Oh," said the gladsome maiden of 18 summers, "my mind has been made up for more than a week."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Do you succeed in picking up a living?" said the robin to the toad.

"Oh, yes," replied the toad; "but it keeps me on the jump."—Yonkers Statesman.

A YACHTING CAP.

You Can Make the Very Latest Tam Yourself by Following These Directions.

Every one who goes near the sea, either sailing or in bathing, wants a little Tam hat. The nicest ones this year are those made at home.

Get a wire frame; you can probably select one that was intended for the framework of a silk-covered hat. For the crown cut a big

A HOME MADE TAM.

round wheel and gather it around the edge and put it over the top of your frame. For the brim cut a long, narrow piece of cloth and gather it in next the head. Finish the edge with a binding of braid. You do not need any trimming for it, but you can finish with a quill if you so desire.

Dreams Are Contrary.

When the Tenth Hussars were stationed at Beggars' Bush Barracks, Dublin, a very old woman invariably awaited the outcoming of the colonel and his staff, by whom he had been kind to her. One morning, at the accustomed hour, the old woman began:

"Agh! me lady, success to yer ladyship, and to yer honor's honor this day of all the days in the year! Shure, didn't I dhrame last night that yer ladyship gemme a pound o' tay and yer honor gemme a pound o' tobacco."

"But, my good woman," said the colonel, "do you not know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?"

"Do ther?" rejoined the old woman; then it's yer honor that's to gemme the tay and her ladyship the tobacco."—Scottish Nights.

Free.—A Wonderful Shrub—Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Etc.

New evidence shows that Alkavis, the new botanical product of the Kava-Kava Shrub, is indeed a true specific cure for diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or by disorders of the Kidneys and Urinary organs. A remarkable case is that of Rev. A. C. Darling, of North Constantia, N. Y., as told in the New York World of recent date. He was cured by Alkavis, after as he says himself, he had lost faith in all medicine, and was preparing to die. Similar testimony of extraordinary cures of Kidney and bladder Diseases of long standing comes from many other sufferers, and 1,200 hospital cures have been recorded in 30 days. Due to this fact the Church Kidney Cure Co., No. 418 Fourth avenue, New York, are the only importers of Alkavis and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of the WEEKLY BLADE who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. To prove its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to you entirely free.

Religion vs. Business.

Gadwell—"Do you see much difference in Deville since his conversion?"

Fitton—"Oh, yes, a great difference. When he kicks out a tenant now he tells him how sorry he is to disturb him. He used to be quite rough in his manner."

Gadwell—"But he kicks them out just the same, I suppose?"

Fitton—"Of course. You can't expect a man to carry his religion so far as to let it interfere with his business."—Boston Transcript.

The Truth.

Things aren't always what they seem,
In judgment don't be rash.
The writer's cramp of which we hear
Is usually for cash.
—New York Tribune.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A HAT.

She Married Jack and Then Forgot the Moving Cause.

"Oh, you dear thing!" cried the girl in the empire jacket, according to the Chicago Times-Herald, as she stepped aboard the cars, "to think that I've only just heard of your marriage. I was away at the time, you know, and I just can't forgive you for not letting me know all about it."

"Well, you see, it was very sudden," said the young woman in the fur collarette. "I only knew it myself 48 hours before it happened. You see, I had decided to be married in the spring anyhow, but I liked Jack and Edgar equally well, and I couldn't decide which——"

"Yes," said the girl in the empire jacket, breathlessly, and how did you decide?"

"I put them both to a test," said the young woman in the fur collarette, "and Jack stood it."

"You didn't make them fight a duel, did you?"

"Mercy, no. That is away behind the times. I just took each of them for a walk and stopped before a milliner's window to——"

"You clever, original thing!"

"Yes—to admire the hats. I said to Edgar, 'I'm trying to decide which one of these suits me best. I've tried them all on and I can't decide. Give me your opinion.'"

"Yes, yes, don't stop; I'm dying to hear——"

"He pointed to one bearing a ticket which said: 'Marked down to $1.49,' and said: 'That one, they all seem to, it would just suit the shape of your head.'"

"Oh, I see. A husband like that would tell you that you looked better in a calico frock than——"

"A silk? Exactly. I rejected him that day. The following afternoon Jack and I went for a walk."

"And stopped before the same window?"

"M'hm. Then Jack displayed his real nobility. He said, 'If I had anything to say to it, I'd select that one.' It was placarded, 'The very latest, $22.' I knew I'd never find such a noble creature again, so I married him two days later!"

"And you were right, too. Of course the first thing he did after you were married was to buy you that hat! How awfully romantic! Of course you haven't worn it out in two months. You must let me see it when I come to call to-morrow!"

A queer look flashed over the bride's face and she gasped: "Why, no; he didn't. I—I never once thought of that. Conductor stop the car!"

"Why, where are you going?" asked the girl in the empire jacket.

"To Jack's office," said the bride firmly. "I—we have an errand to do before I go home!"

The Sunday School.

LESSON 13, JUNE 27, 1897.
Titles and Golden Texts.

Golden Text for the Quarter: We are laborers together with God.—1 Cor. 3:9.

1. PETER WORKING MIRACLES.
Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.—Acts 9:34.

2. CON

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1897.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thought ful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK: 142.000

"THE STOLEN STRADIVARIUS."

Bret Harte's splendid story, "Three Partners," is ended in this issue of The Blade. We think everybody is pleased with it, for it is in his best vein, and quite equal to the literary efforts which made his name and fame.

That story alone is worth the price of a year's subscription to The Blade. In book form, it sells for $1.50. We wish to remind our readers that they get, in the way of stories alone, in the course of a year, several times what they would pay for them at a bookstore.

Next week we shall publish the first instalment of a charming domestic story, which will appeal to all readers in the great Blade family, entitled

"THE STOLEN STRADIVARIUS."

It is written by Mrs. Burton Harrison, who has made a great reputation among the intelligent reading class, especially in the East, by her stories. It will amply repay perusal.

JAPAN'S GOLD STANDARD.

Among the party of Japanese accompanying Marquis Ito, now in this country on his way to represent Japan at the Queen's Jubilee, is Mr. Mochizuki, the editor of the leading commercial journal of Japan. He was interviewed in New York on the Japanese currency question, and gave the following interesting statement:

Japan, as you are probably aware, can now be called a gold-standard country. The law was passed last April by both houses of parliament, and goes into effect next October. The law has fixed the ratio between the metals at 32 to 1 and stopped free coinage. It compels the government to withdraw all silver yen, which corresponds to your dollar, on August 1. Silver will only be used for subsidiary coin, of which the 50-cent piece will be the highest in value. Five, ten and twenty yen pieces will be made in gold.

The arguments advanced by the gold men were multitudinous, but the principal one was that Japan, having adopted western civilization, must to protect her commercial interests also adopt the universally recognized standard of gold, which they declared had a fixed value, while silver was continually fluctuating.

They admitted that up to the present time all Japanese industries had been developed by the cheapness of silver, but that such development had reached its maximum, and if the country didn't change to a gold basis it would soon find itself behind in the race.

The opposition advanced about the same arguments as were used here. They held that no authority could say that the value of gold was fixed, while that of silver was flexible. They declared this was a fallacy that people had fallen into only because gold seemed less changeable than silver.

Being a young and small power whose prima facie market was in the far east, Japan could not compete with gold countries, and if she stuck to silver she could develop that market among her silver-standard neighbors.

Marquis Ito appointed a committee of current to consider the question. The committee reported that the time was not ripe for Japan to change her standard. They were divided in their conclusions as to the best standard. But a majority of both houses passed the bill.

There are two points in the Japanese discussion which are of the highest importance to us in the United States. They are quite as pertinent to the controversy here as to that in Japan. The first of these is the danger and loss which is inevitable through the fluctuating value of silver. It is this which makes the silver standard a constant source of loss to working men and farmers. The next is the fact that a nation which has to compete with gold standard nations must have that standard itself, if it expects to be successful in that competition.

A DUTY ON COTTON.

For the first time in the history of the United States, a duty on raw cotton will be imposed by the new tariff bill. The Senate has adopted an important amendment putting a duty of 20 per cent ad valorem on all cotton imported into this country.

For several years, the imports of foreign cotton—largely from Egypt—have been increasing. During last year 55,000,000 pounds were imported, valued at six million dollars. The cotton planters of the South see that this was just that much taken off their own sales, and six million dollars sent out of the country which should have gone into their own pockets.

The amendment was proposed by a Democrat—Senator Bacon, of Georgia, and was opposed mainly by Vest, of Missouri, who is a theoretical free trader. It received the votes of every Republican Senator, six Democrats and four Populists, being adopted by a vote of 49 to 19. The policy is a sound one, and the support the amendment received shows that the South is at last waking up to a proper realization of the value of a protective policy.

Secretary Gage is developing a vast amount of common sense in the details of his work. He has just arranged to have the office of supervising architect of the treasury filled by competitive examination, conducted by the civil service commission, with the aid of a committee of architects. Even since the days of Mullett, our public buildings have been a reproach to the American people, for they have been the very worst samples of architecture in the country.

The Pennsylvania legislature has passed a law taxing all male adults who are not naturalized at the rate of two cents a day. It is a piece of imbecility. How is such a tax to be collected from a man who has no property? The aliens in Pennsylvania are chiefly among the mining population, who have nothing but their wages.

Pennsylvania is determined to stop the practice of filing petty suits in the courts by enacting a law under which a person can be sent to the work-house for the non-payment of costs in a criminal prosecution. This would, no doubt, prove a radical cure.

The Turkish government not having responded to the explanations offered regarding Minister Angell, he will not be allowed to sail for Constantinople until such an answer is received. This is the real reason why his departure is delayed.

THE PRESIDENT WILL ACT.

The Blade believes that the attitude of the administration on the Cuban question will very speedily be developed. Close observation of the trend of events convinces us that President McKinley has about reached a decision, and that the people of the United States may expect an altogether satisfactory statement on this matter within the next fortnight.

We presume that this will take the shape of a special message to Congress. What the precise form which its recommendations will take cannot be stated, of course, but we may be sure they will be in accord with the sentiments of all patriotic American citizens, and will outline a policy on the part of the administration which will obtain for it the hearty and enthusiastic support of the people.

President McKinley is a careful and conservative statesman. He is not disposed to rush headlong into any measure without carefully weighing the circumstances and considering the consequences. He is not willing to drive the United States into complications involving possible war with a foreign power unless that is the only course left which can be taken and maintain the honor and dignity of the United States. But, if such a course were the only one open, no one can doubt that he would adopt it as firmly and as unfalteringly as he has met every other exigency in his career as a statesman.

We do not apprehend that war with Spain will be the solution of the Cuban problem, but rather adhere to the opinion that, under the influence of the United States, Spain will consent to give Cuba genuine home rule; will recall Weyler, and replace him with a statesman who will deal humanely and justly with the Cuban people; and that this result will come through the intervention of the administration.

TILLMAN RIGHT FOR ONCE.

Tillman, of South Carolina, once in a while gets hold of a truth, and when he does, he voices it as loudly as he does the fallacies and half-truths which comprise his principal stock in trade as a politiciana. Last week he made some statements in a speech during the tariff debate which are not new, but it is novel to hear them from the mouth of a man reared in the lap of the Bourbon Democracy of the old Southern school, which learns nothing and forgets nothing.

Tillman is a Democrat, yet he scored his own party in the person of Mr. Vest, the crabbed old free trade doctrinaire of Missouri. Referring to Vest's tariff speech of the day before, Tillman said it was made in behalf of the principles of the Walker tariff of 1846, which were brought forward at this late day as Democratic doctrine. "Secession, nullification and other issues which have passed out of the minds of men," declared Tillman, "might as well be brought here."

Right, certainly. Then Mr. Tillman went on to declare that "the tariff is simply a question of policy as to how the government will raise its revenue"—a fact which we most heartily wish the masses of the Democratic party understood and admitted. It would render nugatory about nine-tenths of the anti-protection arguments now current. Then Mr. Tillman went on: "I say without hesitation that it is to the best interests of the American people that the articles consumed by our people should be produced by our people. If that is Republican doctrine, well and good; if that is not Democratic doctrine, it ought to be."

Good for Tillman! He there gave his adhesion to the basic idea of protection. If he keeps on, and drops a score or two of his vagaries, he may yet become an useful member of the United States Senate, and an honor to his own state, which has always had the ill fortune to send blatherskites and fire-eaters, or else absolute nonentities, to the upper house of the American Congress.

JUDGE CALHOUN'S REPORT.

Judge W. J. Calhoun, the special commissioner sent by President McKinley to Cuba, has made a long verbal report of his trip directly to the President. He detailed the conditions as he found them. The Spaniards stick closely to the fortified towns, the Cubans range the main portion of the island at will.

The latter, in Judge Calhoun's opinion, have a paper government, but that is all. They are able, he thinks, to maintain the present status for a year and a half, and they have faith that Spain can not bear the burden of a campaign costing her eight million dollars a month for that length of time, and therefore that they will achieve their independence.

The condition of the helpless women and children and non-combatant men excites Judge Day's warmest sympathies. Herded together by the Spaniards, insufficiently housed, clothed and fed, they are dying by scores and hundreds of disease and starvation.

Judge Calhoun's conclusion is that the war must stop. This brings the matter to a crisis so far as this government is concerned. If the commissioner's conclusion is acted upon, we may expect a special message to Congress on the Cuban situation. It will be impatiently awaited by every patriotic American.

TO PEOPLE GERMAN COLONIES.

The German Reichstag has just passed a law, which will go into operation on April 1, of next year, which is intended to divert the stream of German emigration from the United States, and into the German colonies. It provides that permits for the transportation of German emigrants shall be granted only to German subjects, and to transportation companies carrying on business between Germany and German dependencies. Such permits can be granted only by the chancellor, with the concurrence of the Bundesrath.

The scheme will fail. The various colonies of Germany in different parts of the world offer no attractions to emigrants comparable with those to be found in the United States, in Latin-America, or in the British colonies lying in the temperate zones; and, furthermore, the sturdy Germans leaving their own country, are not, as a rule, intensely anxious to remain subjects of the emperor. Of course a way will be found to evade the law. The only way to stop emigration is to enact that no German shall emigrate, and then enforce it by the military arm.

The Democrats in Ohio are not anxious for Mr. Bryan to come to this state during the campaign. They remember that twenty-two of the twenty-eight states in which Mr. Bryan spoke last year went Republican. The Nebraska man is a hoodoo.

Last week's business failures were the smallest in number and importance of any week in the past two years.

Weyler is hanging on to his present job as if he is afraid he could not land another.

REPUBLICAN SENATORS AGREE.

The Republican members of the United States Senate met in caucus recently, and agreed to stand together as a party on the tariff bill. Whatever differences of opinion exist among individuals with regard to the schedules, they will be settled in caucus by a majority vote, and this action will be considered binding by the Republicans on the floor of the Senate.

The free interchange of views in the caucus showed that the sober second thought of the senators favored a return to the general schedules of the Dingley bill as it passed the House, and that the radical changes made by the finance committee in the House bill will probably be abandoned in the main. The sugar schedule was remodeled, and a substantial agreement reached that the differential duty shall be .195 cent a pound. This is about one-sixteenth of a cent less than the rate of the present tariff. Both it and the tobacco schedule were passed over to the finance committee to get into shape for action.

The finance committee—or, rather, the Republican majority thereof—will have charge of the shaping of the bill hereafter, and the changes made by direction of the caucus will be introduced as amendments and receive the solid support of the Republican senators. It is understood that the most of the radical departures from the Dingley bill made by the finance committee will be abandoned, and that the measure, as passed by the Senate, will not present many points of difference for the conference committee to consider.

This important action of the caucus will largely shorten the time required for the consideration of the bill in the Senate, and also, as above stated, will largely simplify the work of the conference committee of the two houses in reaching an agreement. This means that the bill will become a law at a much earlier date than at first seemed possible. It is now believed that the bill will be passed by the Senate within two weeks, and that two weeks more, at the furthest, will be needed in conference committee. Hence the outlook is that we will have a new tariff law by the first week in July.

THE ATTACK ON FAURE.

The cable reports of the attempt to assassinate President Faure while he was on his way to the races at Longchamps Sunday, read as though it was a bit of child's play. A bomb, made of gas-pipe and loaded with powder and swan shot, was exploded in a clump of shrubbery at the side of the road. Nobody was hurt, and it looks as though whoever did it was merely exploiting a scare, rather than making a real attempt upon the life of the President of the republic.

The details lead to the supposition that the man who figured in the deed is a lunatic with an overwhelming desire to exploit his own personality and gain notoriety, even at the price of long imprisonment. It will be recalled that the Italian who shot at King Humbert of Italy recently frankly admitted such to be his motive. It is probable, too, that Guiteau's ill-balanced brain held some such idea when he murdered President Garfield.

These semi-insane criminals always endeavor to escape the consequences of their acts by pleading irresponsibility. This should not be allowed to stand in the way of justice. So long as a man, though mentally ill-balanced or unbalanced, realizes the consequences of the act he commits, he should not be permitted to escape punishment. That Guiteau was semi-insane is undoubtedly true. That he realized fully, before the act, that he was about to commit a murder, was well proved. He suffered the penalty, and justly. There would be no safety for any prominent man if this class of mental degenerates were allowed to run loose without swift and sure punishment.

OUR PREMIUM OFFER.

Never before has The Blade offered so much value for three months' clubs, as we do this season. The eight oil paintings offered for June are works of more than ordinary merit, and our friends to whom they may be awarded will have occasion to feel grateful toward Mrs. Grace Ruggles, the artist, for her careful and conscientious execution of each subject. We believe she will have letters of praise from the recipients. They will be completed in a few days, and are as follows:

1—A Bit of California. Landscape.
2—Chrysanthemums. Flower piece.
3—Oranges—Fruit piece.
4—Sweet Peas. Flower piece.
5—Blackberries. Fruit piece.
6—Forty Winks. A fat old monk napping after dinner.
7—Tulips. Flower piece.
8—Old Ocean. Coast scene.

No one should hesitate about competing for these premiums. If we should venture a guess, according to past experience, we should say that all who obtain two or three hundred subscribers during June will get a premium of some kind, and five or six hundred will get a painting. Those who do not reach a premium, will be paid for clubs in a selection of books.

THE STATE TICKET.

The state convention which will meet in Toledo on the 22nd of this month will be a Republican love feast, as there will be few contests for place on the ticket, and the endorsement of Senator Hanna will be unanimous.

The ticket to be nominated consists of candidates for governor, lieutenant governor, treasurer of state, attorney general, commissioner of public schools, judge of supreme court, and member board of public works.

The following will be renominated without opposition: Governor, Asa S. Bushnell; lieutenant governor, Asa Jones; treasurer, Sam Campbell; attorney general, Frank Monnett; supreme court judge, Judge Burket. The only contests will be for the positions of state school commissioner and member board of public works. For the former office to succeed Commissioner Carson, there are two candidates, Mr. Bonebrake, of Mt. Vernon, and Mr. Sharkey, of Eaton. For the latter, to succeed Mr. Grace, there are three candidates, Mr. Robinson, of Seneca; Mr. Hahn, of Muskingum, and Mr. Goddard, of Scioto.

No convention which has met in recent years will have as much time for pleasure and the state committee showed its wisdom in bringing the convention to Toledo, Ohio's greatest summer resort.

It looks now as if President McKinley's ambition to attach his name to the tariff bill on the Fourth of July, will be realized.

Those Urbana people are coming to their senses. In a short time they will deplore the action taken by the mob.

Bryan has been over in Canada. Wonder if he is after the Queen's job?

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

Every campaign in Ohio is important. In fact there are no off years in politics in this state. The campaigns here interest the country at large. The number of Ohio men in public life makes the contests in this state of importance in every state.

The campaign this year is exciting wide-spread interest. It will be national in character. An Ohio man is President, and the chairman of the national Republican committee, a personal friend of the President, is a candidate for United States Senator. Upon his election may depend the political complexion of the Senate. One of the best known governors in the country is a candidate for re-election. The contest is the first of importance to take place after the Presidential election. A Republican defeat will be heralded as a slap at the administration, and such an ending to the Ohio campaign would give more comfort and hope to Democracy than victories in any other half-dozen states.

Even now, before either state convention has been held, the country is talking about Ohio. The national committee is being deluged with letters about the situation here, and the probable outcome. The contest will be on national issues, although Republicans are equally willing to discuss state matters.

Every Republican should thoroughly understand all that this campaign means, not only to Ohio, but to the party in the country. Although but three months have passed since the Republican party took charge of national affairs, and began the upbuilding of business confidence, which a Democratic administration had torn down, it will be charged with every evil which now afflicts the country, and such charges will have more or less weight with unthinking people, who do not stop to consider that time is necessary for such a work.

There should be such an organization of Republicans in the state as has never before been accomplished. This is not Mr. Hanna's fight alone. It is Mr. Foraker's fight, Mr. Bushnell's fight, and the administration's fight. It is a contest against the same aggregation that confronted the party last year—a free silver, anti-law and order crowd, which contains all the elements most dangerous to good government. Every Republican should stand by his party's guns and do earnest and loyal work.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER.

The situation in Kentucky shows that the sound money Democrats are making no effort to join forces with the Populocrats of the Bryan stripe. A call has been issued for a sound money Democratic state convention, and the wording of that call shows conclusively that Mr. Bryan's scheme to disrupt the Democratic party is working as well as the most loyal Republican could wish.

A part of this Democratic call reads as follows:

We appeal to all Democrats to unite with us who believe as we do in sound money, in a tariff for revenue only; in the honest and full payment of all lawful obligations; in law and order and in the protection of property from lawlessness and riot; in the restoration of good feeling instead of arraying citizens and classes against each other and in the protection of the name and credit of the commonwealth.

The principles here at stake far exceed the importance of winning any office; nor can they be obliterated by the vituperation of reckless and defeated politicians. By the ultimate result the people will judge Kentucky, and will form its opinion as to whether the doctrines laid down at Chicago and the practical interpretation now being given them by the lawless elements of the state are, as their recent platform declares, "the true principles of the Democratic faith," or whether they are unsafe, unwise and undemocratic.

This is a direct repudiation of the anarchistic Chicago platform and shows that the sound money Democrats are not to be driven from their position by the wild demands of the Bryanites. The sentiment on this side of the Ohio river is as strong as on the other side, and even should the sound money Democrats of Ohio not hold a convention and nominate a ticket, they will be as strongly opposed to the Chicago platform as their Kentucky brethren.

THE STUBBORN TURK.

The peace negotiations at Constantinople are dragging along, and there is no telling when an agreement can be reached. The sultan's course is exciting much anxiety in Western Europe. There are a quarter of a million Turkish troops in Thessaly, and another large army in Macedonia, just over the Turkish border. The sultan refuses to give up Thessaly, and is apparently ready to fight rather than yield the point.

Great Britain makes a firm stand against the annexation of Thessaly to the Turkish empire. It is believed by many that she will send to Turkey an ultimatum on this point. Meantime, Russia is clearly backing Turkey, for reasons of her own; and if England insists she will have to fight not only Turkey, but Russia as well. The situation is really more threatening than it has been at any time within the past two months.

SELECT YOUR BOOK FOR CLUBS OF TEN!

We are getting in many clubs of three months subscribers at ten cents each, from friends who do not ask for a book premium. Unless a book is asked for at the time the club is sent, we infer that no premium is wanted. We do not send a book unless it is called for and number stated. Very many three-months clubs are sent us every season as a special favor by those who do not ask reward.

In reply to an inquiry from Senator Lindsay as to why the word "only" after the words "tariff for revenue" had been omitted by the framers of the Chicago platform, Senator Tillman volunteered the information that "it was omitted purposely after discussion." This is an interesting bit of news, though a little late. The omission of the "only" marked a departure from the free trade attitude of the Democratic party, and shows that the lesson taught by the Wilson law made an impression even on the Bourbons.

The diplomatic representatives of the United States at London, Berlin, Paris and Brussels will unite in a protest to the British, German, French and Belgian governments against the restrictions upon American beef. Even if this move shall not achieve the removal of these restrictions, it will probably make it clear that they are really imposed in the interests of home production, nad thus will silence the gabble in Europe against the new tariff law.

Thieves up at St. Paul stole a ten-room house the other night, and now the citizens of that place are thinking of taking all their houses in doors while they sleep.

In spite of the croakers, times are getting better. The last prop is being knocked from under the Popocrats.

It is observed that Mr. Bryan is no longer talking about a "crown of thorns."

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

Recognition of improved conditions in the business world has now become fairly general. It is no longer a question either of locality or individual line where this change for the better may be noted. The broad proposition that things are better is everywhere accepted as a statement of fact, more or less apparent in certain localities or particular branches of trade.

Throughout the Southwest this improvement is most marked, the contrast between to-day and a year ago indicating the actual presence of returned prosperity. The Eastern manufacturing states and the Far West stand next in the order of improvement, while in the Northwest and South prosperity returns with but a laggard step. As to particular branches of industry, the iron trade and cotton trade, the two great staples, run a neck-and-neck race for supremacy. But in other great lines of manufacture, as, for instance, clothing and boots and shoes, the growing demand is most encouraging.

As illustrating not only this improvement itself, but the recognition of it, the steady advance in all American securities, both in Wall street and on the London Stock Exchange, is incontrovertible. The ablest judges of finance in both countries have put themselves on record unequivocally during the last week or two as favoring American stocks for investment. The prospect of an early termination of the tariff debate and a subsequent rational settlement of the currency problem will remove the last vestige now standing in the way of absolutely better times.

Supplementing its usual statistics Bradstreet's has prepared a compilation which shows the business failures throughout the United States during the last three years, classified by leading lines of trade. The results brought out are interesting in many ways. It is shown that a little over 71 per cent of the failures are in wholesale and retail commercial enterprises and a little less than 21 per cent in manufacturing and industrial lines. The proportion of failures has been greatest in the clothing and furnishing goods concerns, and the next highest commercial death rate has been of late among bicycle manufacturers and dealers. Of every hundred engaged in the clothing and furnishing goods trade last year seven went into bankruptcy, and of every hundred in the bicycle business five came to the same plight. The lowest rate was among manufacturers of machinery and tools—eighty-nine hundredths of one per cent. The average commercial death rate in all lines last year was 1.40 per cent, which means that, notwithstanding the hard times, fewer than one and a half out of every hundred persons engaged in business failed.

One of the critical stages in the progress of the tariff bill was reached last week when the sugar schedule was taken up by the Republican caucus. Several different propositions were submitted touching the rate on refined sugar. The caucus, after some discussion, finally agreed upon an amendment fixing the rate on refined sugar at 1.95 cents per pound, instead of 1.85 cents, as fixed by the House bill. There was no very strenuous efforts by the members of the Finance committee to retain the amendments originally suggested by them, and they acquiesced without protest in the decision of the majority. A new paragraph has been added to the schedule providing that the duty on molasses, clayed and other sugars testing not above eighty-seven degrees by the polariscope shall be one-tenth of one cent per pound less than that imposed by the main section on the corresponding tests of sugar.

The proposed sugar duty in the tariff bill has elicited a protest from Austria, which has recently been sent to the Senate by Secretary Sherman. In his note the Austrian minister protests against the discriminating duty on sugar, which, he says, conflicts, on the one hand, with Austria's right to the most-favored-nation clause, and, on the other, threatens to damage Austro-Hungarian exports. Former diplomatic correspondence upon the subject is referred to, and the hope is expressed that the government will call the attention of Congress to existing obligations. This protest was sent to the secretary of State in April, but owing to the fact that the bill has been reported to the Senate since, the Austrian minister has asked that it be sent to that body. Advices from Japan indicate that the representatives of the tea trade will be practically paralyzed if a duty of ten cents per pound on tea is collected in the United States. Advices from Washington point to the abandonment of the tea duty as well as the additional tax on beer.

Though set apart as Ohio day the celebration at Nashville on Friday was more of a President's day. The presidential party was escorted to the Exposition grounds by a large parade and nearly 40,000 people assembled on the grounds to catch a glimpse of the President. The speeches were short, but with the parade and a reception the President had a busy day.

The Torrens system of land transfer, once before adopted by the people of Chicago, and now amended to meet the objections of the courts, has again been approved in that city by a large popular majority. There can be no question, therefore, regarding the popular desire out there, and if further obstacles are not encountered in the effort to apply the system in practice we may soon have some important evidence bearing on its practicability and results.

The unprecedented progress made by the cause of international arbitration during the past year is made the subject of rejoicing in an address containing a declaration of principles adopted by the International Arbitration Conference, which has been in session at Lake Mohonk, N. Y. The address deplores the temporary checks to the cause arising from the failure of the Senate to ratify the proposed treaty with England, though it recalls with satisfaction the majority vote of the Senate in its favor, which, though less than the two-thirds required for ratification, was still large enough to be encouraging. It is suggested that the overwhelming majority of the country should only be stimulated by this temporary failure to more zealous activity, and should urge the executive to renew the treaty with such modifications, if any, as may be approved in the light of the recent study of the subject by the Senate, and to make similar treaties with France, Germany, Austria, Belgium and Switzerland. The address fittingly conveys the thanks of the conference to ex-President Cleveland, ex-Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote for their eminent services to the cause of international arbitration, and to President McKinley and Secretary Sherman for their support of the same great cause.

The significant news from Manchester, Eng., that a serious commercial depression prevails there need not be taken to prove that the Manchester Canal is a failure. The actual state of affairs results from the condition of the market for local manufacturers and that market is the world—the United States, China, Africa, India and the remoter quarters. Competition is of course pressing the Manchester manufacturers just as closely as it was before the canal was built, for although they are saving on freights they have had to meet the general downward tendency in prices, so marked for the last six or seven years. Germany and Belgium are not the only competitors who are now sharing the former profits, or what remains of them, of the Lancashire mills. The American has been in the field for three or four years past.

Several reports from China of late have made it plain that the construction of railways is now the foremost internal development of the Empire. The American Consul at Tien-tsin wrote to the State department in April that 214 miles of the Shan-Hale-Kwan road along the Lao-tung Gulf had been completed, and that the Tien-tsin-Pekin line was almost done. In the meantime another line, from the capital to Paoting-Fu, eighty miles to the southwest, had been surveyed. The other day dispatches from Pekin affirmed that the old cession for a route from Pekin to Hankow, several hundred miles up the Yangtse-Kiang, had been delivered to a Belgian syndicate, which will complete, via Paoting-Fu, a through system of communication with Hankow by 1903. The last-mentioned undertaking is a tremendous one for the Imperial government, but in comparison with the Shan-Hai-Kwan line the project loses its impossible character. The inducements to pierce the interior are many, too, and will undoubtedly act as a strong recommendation for the enterprise in the minds of those who control the Chinese treasury. When the rich regions which the Yang-tse waters can be directly drawn on by Pekin, for fiscal or commercial purposes, the dull eyes of the mandarins who have allowed China to sink into its present plight will be opened as never before.

There appears to be little doubt that what has been published as Consul General Lee's report on the Ruiz case is an essentially correct copy of that document. If so, it corroborates and confirms the newspaper accounts which were current at the time of the bloody fatality. Whether the death of Ruiz came directly from a blow inflicted by his jailer or from an act of madness of his own, it was essentially a murder; and this, added to the fact that Spain violated treaties in the manner of his arrest, gives us, of course, a very strong claim against the Spanish government. The affair, however, will chiefly serve just now to illustrate the barbarous practices which are common in Cuba and so to prepare the public mind in the United States for that stern intervention which now seems inevitable.

Light is only slowly breaking in upon the situation in the Levant. The demands of Turkey were at first pressed with vigor, but the powers have given the Sultan to understand that his demands must be moderated. The peace negotiations have been marked by very little progress, at least as far as surface indications go, but the fact has leaked out that owing mainly to the attitude finally taken by England, though rather late in the day, the Sultan finds that he cannot maintain his demands without incurring the risk of a general war, with the unknown consequences which that may involve. The latest indications are that the Porte may yield up Thessaly, or at least all of that territory except the section in which the Milouna pass is situated. Definite information on that point will probably be forthcoming in the course of a few days. The present effort of the powers seems to be directed to inducing Turkey to agree to general peace conditions, having limits more or less broad within which the two states may settle details by direct negotiations. There are unfavorable features in the present situation, one of which is another adjournment of the peace negotiations while the work of armament goes on in Turkey.

MEXICAN NOTES.

Barbers all wear long linen dusters.

Bank drafts are always made out in duplicate.

No person carrying a load is allowed to walk on the sidewalk.

It is contrary to law to indorse a check from one person to another.

Drivers never cluck to their steeds, but urge them on with shrill hisses.

There are free parks, free seats and free music in all the cities of Mexico.

All kinds of vehicles as well as bicycles are obliged to carry lights after dark.

Strips of newspapers are fastened to the balconies in front of rooms that are for rent.

Every householder is required to sweep the street in front of his property and sprinkle it twice a day.

All men and most of the women of the lower class smoke cigarettes, but none of them chew tobacco.

Heavy wagons are not allowed to use the streets paved with asphalt except when absolutely necessary.

A hack driver never leaves his seat and you open the door for yourself and settle with him on his high perch.

A Mexican servant or messenger never enters a business house or addresses his superiors without removing his hat.

Hand rakes are almost unknown. Leaves and loose grass in the parks are swept up with long bundled brooms, made of split twigs.

Street cars never stop at street or track intersections to avoid right-angle collisions, but the gong is make their approach known by shrill horns.

If the police find any one carrying a bundle through the streets who cannot tell where he is going, or give a clear account of himself, he is promptly arrested.

The single entrance of even the largest apartment house is locked at 10 o'clock every night, and the portero expects a "gratification" if he is roused after that hour.

When a person is injured on the street he and every one connected with the affair are taken to the nearest police station, where each is required to make a declaration.

The water pressure is seldom sufficient to furnish a supply to upper stories, and every house is supplied with a force pump with which a reservoir on the roof is kept filled.

The residences are all blessed. At the completion of the home guests are bidden and the ceremony of blessing them corresponds to a house warming. The priest passes through each room, sprinkling it with holy water.

The banks will not take for deposit a five dollar checks on a bank in another city, although it bear the indorsement of a regular person with a bank credit, but will cash the same customer can go to the bank and get a New York draft for a thousand dollars without paying for it and the bank will send around the next day for a check to cover the amount.

Invitations to baptisms come in many dainty forms, but invariably have attached to them a new piece of money. To the immediate members of the family the coin is of gold, but to most of the bidden is sent a silver ten-cent piece.

Everything and everybody pays a direct tax, from the street porter to the largest mercantile establishment, and the stamp tax for documents is equally lucrative. Even placards and posters, other than your own in your own house, must bear a stamp.

Water for the bath rooms is heated in a novel way. The separate supply tank on the roof has an opening from top to bottom through the center, that acts as a chimney to the fireplace below the tank. A small fire heats a good quantity of water very quickly.

Nearly every one is named after some saint, generally the one to whom the day on which he was born is sacred. If he bears the name of a saint whose day falls on other than his birthday, he celebrates only the saint's day—and calls it el dia de su santo.

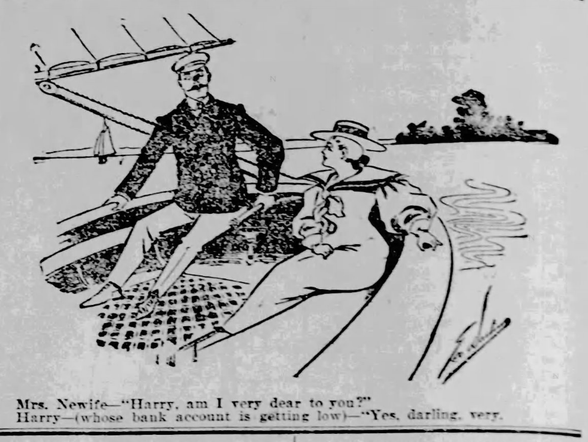
The Mexican policeman often seems a bit stubborn, but it can be truly said in his favor that he never sets himself up as a court of judgment. If an altercation or a fight occurs he calls a friend to decide who is right, but both are promptly taken to appear before the judge, whose business it is to determine which one started the row.—Modern Mexico.

COUNTIES IN SOUTH DAKOTA

Some Big Subdivisions of the State With No Inhabitants to Speak Of.

South Dakota, "the Swingest State," was admitted into the Union on November 2, 1889, after having been organized as a territory, along with what is now North Dakota, for 28 years. North Dakota has an area of 70,000 square miles, 30,000 more than the state of New York, and its population was returned by the last census as 328,000, and is now probably in excess of 500,000. In the subdivision of North Dakota into counties by those intrusted with the matter no general rule appears to have been adopted other than the rule of "go as you please." For instance, Dewey county, which has an area of 2,200 square miles (it is larger than the whole state of Delaware), was returned by the last federal census as having no population, and though officially organized as a county, no votes were cast in it in the Presidential election of 1896—there was no one to vote.

Similarly in South Dakota has an area of 1,045 square miles. It is about as large as the whole of Long Island, and yet was returned by the last census as having a population of only 40 persons, and it contained at the last Presidential election five voters, four of whom cast their ballots for McKinley and Hobart, and one for Bryan and Sewall. The population of Scobey county, South Dakota, which is as large as Delano, was returned as 92 by the last federal census, and there were just enough voters in it to make a jury, for there are 12 citizens in Scobey. Platt county is another which has 12 citizens only, and they might have saved themselves the trouble of going to the polls and voting last November, for they were tied. Six voted for McKinley and six for Bryan. In Jackson county, however, which by the last federal census was seen to have 30 inhabitants only—men, women and children—30 votes were cast for Bryan in 1896 and 18 for McKinley. Chateau county by the last federal census had a population of eight—all, however, women or minors, as it contained no electors at the last Presidential contest. On the other hand, Todd county covers only 45 acres of land, while Butte county, going to the other extreme, has an area of 1,855



Mrs. Newlife—"Harry, am I very dear to you?"
Harry—(whose bank account is getting low)—"Yes, darling, very."

A NOVEL BRIDGE.

The French Are Equal to the Yankees in This Project.

The Scientific American gives an account of a novel engineering work projected at Rouen, the first of its kind in France, and the only one like it in Europe is across the Nievron, below Bilbao. It is called a "pont transbordeur," and serves all the purposes of a bridge, while not interfering with the free passage of ships, even of those with masts 150 feet high. Two diminutive Eiffel towers are to be erected, one on each bank of the Seine, three-quarters of a mile below the lowest existing bridge at Rouen, and a narrow iron bridge will be suspended by chain cables between the heads. It is to be not less than 160 feet from the level of the quays, but it is not intended for either carriages or foot passengers. Several lines of rails are to be carried along it, and on these a skeleton carriage or platform on wheels will run. This will be dragged from side to side of the river by steel ropes passing over a driving wheel to be worked by steam or electricity from one of the banks. To the skeleton platform will be hung, by steel hawsers, at the level of the quays, or 160 feet below the bridge, the transbordeur, a slung carriage, within which passengers and vehicles will be transported from one bank to the other. This carriage is to be 40 feet in width and 30 feet in length. The trolley cars running on the quays on both sides of the river are to make connection at this point, the transbordeur being fitted to carry them, so that passengers in crossing the river will not have to change their seats. Unlike most such works in France, it has been left to private enterprise.

NORMAL WOMAN.

The Weight She Should Be to Correspond With Her Height.

A table of relative heights and weights is given by Mrs. Etta M. Hudders in What to Eat. The weight of the ordinary clothing is included in the table. The woman who reaches the minimum or maximum weight for her height is recommended to look carefully after her diet. Only that her figure may be what it should be, but for the sake of her general health. The table is:

Height.	Aver-age.	Mini-mum.	Maxi-mum.
5 feet	120	98	132
5 feet 1 inch.....	120	102	138
5 feet 2 inches.....	125	106	144
5 feet 3 inches.....	130	111	150
5 feet 4 inches.....	135	115	157
5 feet 5 inches.....	140	119	161
5 feet 6 inches.....	143	121	165
5 feet 7 inches.....	145	123	167
5 feet 8 inches.....	148	126	170
5 feet 9 inches.....	155	131	179
5 feet 10 inches.....	160	136	184
5 feet 11 inches.....	165	138	190
6 feet	170	141	196

The article in which the table is given contains a restricted dietary which is dedicated to "Dear Mrs. Sherwood," Mrs. Sherwood is to how she may gain flesh, Mrs. Hudders says that she should eat only what agrees with her, eat slowly, chew the food thoroughly, eat plenty of nourishing, easily digested food, but not allow a mid-day dinner. The last is emphasized. Plenty of sleep, plenty of cheerfulness and moderate exercise are recommended. No ice water or cold drinks are to be taken at meals, but a cup of hot tea, iced tea even preferable. A cup of hot water after meals is said to aid digestion. Highly seasoned foods, pickles, pastry, salted and pickled meats, acids and fried foods are to be avoided, but fruit, even acid, may be taken, and none if the stomach is easily deranged.

THE NAMES OF DISHES.

The sandwich is called for the Earl of Sandwich.

Mulligatawny is from an East Indian word meaning pepper water.

Waffle is from wafel, a word of Teutonic origin, meaning honeycomb.

Hominy is from auhuminea, the North American Indian word for parched corn.

Gooseberry fool is a corruption of roseberry foule, milled or pressed gooseberries.

Forcemeat is a corruption of farce-meat from the French farce, stuffing, i. e., meat for stuffing.

Sally Lunn was a pastry cook, who, at the close of the eighteenth century, used to cry the teabread which bears her name about the streets of Bath, England.

Blanc-manage means literally white food, hence chocolate blanc-mange is something of a misnomer.

Succotash is a dish borrowed from the Narragansett Indians and called by them msickquatash.

Gumbo is simply okra soup, gumbo being the name by which okra is often known in the South. Chicken gumbo is soup of okra and chicken.

Marmont is taken from a Greek derivation, which means "the blessed dead," in allusion to the ancient custom of eating it at feasts for the dead.

Charlotte is a corruption of the old English word charlyt, which means a dish of custard, and charlotte russe is Russian charlotte.

THE ENDLESS PIN QUESTION

No Solution of It Expected, but a Few Facts Are Known.

Who has not heard the question: "What becomes of pins?" asks the New York Sun. Millions of them are made in a year, millions are sold, and yet the supply no more than keeps pace with the demand, which seems growing enormously all the time. By a computation made in London ten years ago, it was shown that at that time the weekly production of pins in Great Britain was 365,000,000, of which 180,000,000, or considerably more than half, were made in Birmingham. Then 124,000,000 were made in France, and 120,000,000 in Germany. Holland and Belgium. Since that time the production of pins has increased largely. The biggest pin manufacturing city in the world is Birmingham, where 37,000,000 pins, on the average, are manufactured every working day. The other pin factories in England together turn out about 19,000,000 pins daily. The daily output of pins in France exceeds 20,000,000, and Germany and other countries in Europe manufacture about 30,000,000 more daily. The total production of pins being 80,000,000 every day, 602,000,000 a week in Europe. This is, of course, exclusive of

OVER $1,500 IN PREMIUMS

Ten Cents for the Weekly Blade Three Months.

A BOOK GIVEN FREE FOR EVERY CLUB OF TEN

101 Valuable Premiums for the Largest Lists of Names Sent us During June, July and August.

Fine Oil Paintings, Elegant Steel Engravings, Watches, Etc.

In order to encourage our readers to extend the circulation of the Weekly Blade this summer, we have made arrangements for one hundred and one (101) special premiums, valued at more than $1,500. Besides this, we shall give a book premium to every club of ten (10) that is sent us during the season, and the 101 special premiums will be awarded as follows:

Thirty-three of them for the largest clubs in July, 33 for the largest clubs sent us during the month of June, 33 for the largest clubs in August, and two for the two first persons who get in 500 names at any time during the summer.

We have recently contracted with one of the most celebrated lady artists in this section of the country, Mrs. Grace Ruggles, of Toledo, Ohio, to paint The Toledo Blade 24 fine Oil Paintings; twelve of these paintings will be of the size 16x20, twelve of them of the size 16x12. The larger paintings are valued from $50 to $60 each, and the smaller size paintings from $25 to $35 each.

Then we have contracted with one of the best publishers of steel engravings for 42 elegant and costly steel engravings of Niagara Falls. They are to be printed on special heavy paper for the Toledo Blade, size 46½x27. The retail price of this steel engraving was originally fixed at $25. In making a special contract for 42 of these steel engravings we are enabled to close them at $10 each, and they are well worth it. It is a new engraving, and cost many thousand dollars to make the plate from which they are printed.

Then also we add to this premium list 33 of the Blade Watches, which are advertised in another column, and which we sell at $2. Of the above premiums, we divide them into one-third for each month, offering four of the large-size paintings to the four largest lists of names that come to us during the month of June. Four of the second size paintings will go to the next largest lists that come to us in June. Fourteen of the steel engravings will go to fourteen of the next largest lists in order that reach us in June, and eleven of the watches will complete the June offer. Then we shall duplicate the same thing for the July names and the same thing for the August names.

In addition to these three premium offers, we shall offer one gents' gold filled Hunting Case Watch, valued at $25, to the person who first gets in as many as 500 three months' names, counting from June 1 up to the date that their list reaches that number, whether it be June, July or August. We presume this premium will be earned during the month of June, as we shall expect a great many lists during that months numbering as high as 500, but this watch goes to the first person who gets that number of names into our office.

Then again we offer a lady's solid gold case watch, worth $25, to the second person who gets in 500 three months' names. The two persons who secure these last two premiums offered will also secure one of the very highest other premiums, and therefore, this 500 list is well worth working for, and a special effort should be put forth during the first week of June.

Our price for three months is ten cents for each name, net, provided not less than ten names are sent to us at one time. You may send us an order for 10, 20, 30, 40, 50 or more names in one letter at ten cents each, and we shall give you for your trouble of remitting these 10bs, for each ten names, a selection of one of the Seaside novels announced in another column of The Blade. We will allow one of these Seaside novels for every ten names that you send us. If you send one club of ten names, select one Seaside novel for premium, and we will send it to you, post-paid. If you send a club of 20, select two; for a club of 30 select three books, and so on; but we will not allow a premium on any fraction of ten names. Order novels by number, not by title.

You see in this way you are paid for your trouble as you go along. We expect hundreds of our subscribers who do not intend to participate in the premium offers will send us a club of ten anyhow; perhaps two or three clubs of ten each, in order to obtain the books offered with each club of ten names, and in order to benefit their friends and neighbors, as well as the reading of a good paper this summer; but we desire all those who expect to compete for the premiums to number the names consecutively. When you send the first club of ten names, it should be numbered from 1 to 10; and when you send your second club, let that commence with number 11, and so on, up to the end of June, so that the last name of the club you send us in June will show the total number of the names you have sent us during the month. This will make an easy record for both you and ourselves. The person who competes for a premium, and sends us 400 or 500 names during the month of June, will obtain 40 or 50 of the books advertised elsewhere under the name of the Seaside novels.

OUR JUNE PREMIUMS.

First—To the person who sends the LARGEST number of three months' subscriptions during the month of June, we shall send one of the oil paintings, size 16x20.

Second—To the person sending us the SECOND largest list of names during the month of June, we will also award one of the oil paintings, size 16x20.

Third—To the person sending us the THIRD largest list of names during the month of June, we will also award an oil painting, 10x20.

Fourth—To the person sending us the FOURTH largest list of names during the month of June, we will also award one of the oil paintings, size 16x20.

NOTE.—The above four oil paintings are valued from $50 to $60 each, and are first-class in every respect, executed by Mrs. Grace Ruggles, of Toledo, O., who has a very high reputation as an artist in this city. It must be understood that we will not award any of the 16x20 paintings for a smaller list than 400. The reason for this is very evident. We should only receive 10 for 400 names, and it would be unfair to award as fine a premium as the above to those who did not reach at least a list of 400.

Fifth—To the person who sends us the fifth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the oil paintings, size 10x12.

Sixth—To the person sending us the sixth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award also one of the oil paintings, size 10x12.

Seventh—To the person sending us the seventh largest list of names during the month of June we will award also one of the oil paintings, size 10x12.

Eighth—To the person sending us the eighth largest list of names during the month of June we will award one of the oil paintings, size 10x12.

NOTE.—The above four oil paintings are smaller than the first four offered, but are still of a reasonable size, and the execution just as good as the larger ones, and they are worth from $20 to $35 each. These paintings will also be executed by Mrs. Grace Ruggles, and they will be first class in every respect. We make no restrictions in the awarding of these four premium pictures, and they will positively be given according to the rank of the list sent us during the month of June.

Ninth—To the person sending us the ninth largest list of subscriptions during the month of June, we will award one of the fine steel engravings of Niagara Falls, which is described elsewhere in this article.

Tenth—To the person sending us the tenth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the steel engravings of Niagara Falls.

Eleventh—To the person sending us the eleventh largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the steel engravings of Niagara Falls.

Twelfth—To the person sending us the twelfth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the steel engravings of Niagara Falls.

Thirteenth—To the person sending us the thirteenth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the steel engravings of Niagara Falls.

Fourteenth—To the person sending us the fourteenth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the steel engravings of Niagara Falls.

Fifteenth—To the person sending us the fifteenth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the steel engravings of Niagara Falls.

Sixteenth—To the person sending us the sixteenth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the steel engravings of Niagara Falls.

Seventeenth—To the person sending us the seventeenth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the steel engravings of Niagara Falls.

Eighteenth—To the person sending us the eighteenth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the steel engravings of Niagara Falls.

Nineteenth—To the person sending us the nineteenth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the steel engravings of Niagara Falls.

Twentieth—To the person sending us the twentieth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the steel engravings of Niagara Falls.

Twenty-first—To the person sending us the twenty-first largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the steel engravings of Niagara Falls.

NOTE.—The above fourteen steel engravings of Niagara Falls, as stated elsewhere, we have ordered printed for us especially for these premiums, by a celebrated publisher of steel engravings. We have set a valuation on these engravings at $10 each, although they have been sold as high as $25.

Twenty-third—To the person sending us the twenty-third largest list of names during the month of June, we will send one of the Blade watches, as announced elsewhere, which we are selling at $2 each.

Twenty-fourth—To the person sending us the twenty-fourth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the Blade watches.

Twenty-fifth—To the person sending us the twenty-fifth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the Blade watches.

Twenty-sixth—To the person sending us the twenty-sixth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the Blade watches.

Twenty-seventh—To the person sending us the twenty-seventh largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the Blade watches.

Twenty-eighth—To the person sending us the twenty-eighth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the Blade watches.

Twenty-ninth—To the persons sending us the twenty-ninth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the Blade watches.

Thirtieth—To the person sending us the thirtieth largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the Blade watches.

Thirty-first—To the person sending us the thirty-first largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the Blade watches.

Thirty-second—To the person sending us the thirty-second largest list of names during the month of June, we will award one of the Blade watches.

Thirty-third—To the person sending us the thirty-third largest list of names for the Weekly Blade during the month of June, we will award one of the Blade watches.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

The above thirty-three premiums are the general premiums allowed for thirty-three of the largest lists sent during the month of June. It is not necessary to send all of the names at one time, but you may send us a club a day, or a club every two or three days, during the entire month, and number the names consecutively and the total number of names you send during the month of June will be considered in awarding the above premiums.

Besides the above, we offer two special premiums, as follows:

To the first person who succeeds in getting into this office 500 three months' names for the Weekly Blade, we will award a gent's gold filled Elgin watch, worth $25.

To the second person who gets in a list of 500 names, we will award a lady's gold case Elgin watch, worth $25.

These two last offers will not conflict with the above thirty-three premiums. The two persons who get in the 500 names first will not only win the two Elgin watches as offered, but no doubt will also each secure one of the premium paintings. Therefore it pays to do earnest work in the beginning.

CONDITIONS.

In the first place, commence sending us clubs on May 31, no earlier, and make them clubs of 10 or a multiple of 10. Then afterwards send additional clubs as rapidly as you can—at least a club every week during the entire month of June. We expect many clubs of 50 or 100 at a time, according to the size of the town.

Please remit in current funds. Do not send checks on country banks, or postage stamps. Remit by money order, express order, New York, Chicago or Toledo exchange, or by registered letter.

Number your lists of names consecutively, beginning with the first name you send us in June down to the last name you send us the last day of June. The full amount of ten cents for each name must be enclosed with every order. We allow no discount off, nor do we allow any commission, or cost of money order, or registered letter fee deducted. When 10 names are sent $1 in current funds must be enclosed. If 100 names are sent $10 in current funds must be enclosed.

Each time you send a club, be sure and name the number of Seaside Library books that you want for each 10 names sent us. We shall remit the premium books immediately after receiving a club order, in full. We keeping accounts with our subscribers square as we go along.

The first week in July we shall publish all of the names who are entitled to premiums for the largest size clubs, and the premiums will be sent to the winners as quickly after publication as possible. In the meantime, the same proposition will be going on during the month of July for another set of premiums.

In order that our readers may be encouraged to work for these premiums, we will say that it is not a difficult matter for an energetic person to raise lists of three months subscriptions for the Weekly Blade at 10 cents, running as high as 100 to 1,000 copies per month, according to the size and condition of the community canvassed. It has been our experience heretofore that almost every person sending us from 100 to 200 names during the month wins one of our premiums; and we have noticed that our highest premiums have been awarded to clubs of 300 to 500. In some instances we have awarded very fine and expensive premiums for clubs of not more than 200 to 325. We therefore feel quite certain that those who send us from 100 to 200 subscriptions during the month of June will win one of our premiums, and that our fine oil paintings will certainly be carried away by lists of 400 or upwards. Do not stop there, however, because any one who can raise a list of 300 can certainly make it 600.

WHAT WE WANT.

We want first, every subscribor to the Toledo Weekly Blade, or at least one subscriber at every postoffice, immediately after reading this, to make it a point as a special favor to us, to raise a club of 10 subscriptions at 10 cents each. Every one sending such a club will get one of the Seaside novels for each 10 names that he sends us; and it will illustrate to each one who sends us this club, how easy it is to secure names for the Weekly Blade at 10 cents. After that, we shall expect several hundred to go on with the work, and enter the contest for one of the fine premiums.

We shall not expect every one to continue in competition for a premium, because many of our subscribers live in small communities where one club of ten or twenty will nearly exhaust the field. The majority of these will simply send us one club of 10 or 20 as a complimentary testimonial for the Toledo Blade, and for which we will send them copies of the Seaside Library. A large percentage, however, will continue to send clubs during the month, every few days, and you will be surprised to find how exciting the work becomes as you progress. Everybody will be anxious to help you, and will contribute their names as fast as the matter is known in your community. We have known of experiences where people have taken 100 names in a single day for the Toledo Blade. Now, we ask every subscriber of the Toledo Blade to show his appreciation of the excellent newspaper we are giving for a small amount of money, and show us a testimonial by sending us 10 or 20 names at 10 cents each. Of course, all of our 140,000 subscribers are not situated to do this; but how many thousand subscribers are there that are willing to do us this favor by the way of a start on our summer campaign? You can do your friends and neighbors no better favor than by giving them the opportunity to read the Weekly Blade for three months.

WHY WE DO THIS.

We certainly do not take upon ourselves the labor, expense, time and trouble that is required during the hot months of summer with the expectation of realizing a profit. In fact, no matter how many names we secure on this proposition, the scheme will net us a considerable loss. If we ever get any profit, it will be in the distant future. After paying for our white paper used in printing The Blade, postage, premiums and expense of printing and mailing, we shall have expended considerably more than the amount received for subscriptions. It has been our experience, however, that if we can only add a great many thousand new names to our list during a season, a small percentage of them become regular subscribers. One summer we added 90,000 subscriptions to the Weekly Blade; another summer we added 60,000, and another summer, which was last summer, we added 80,000 three months' subscriptions to our list. We hope this summer to add 150,000 names, and we shall do so if our present subscribers and friends will help us a little in the matter.

We shall make this offer to no one except our own subscribers. We shall not make the offer by postal card this year, as we have usually done, to persons outside of our subscription list.

We have recently added to and improved our press facilities to such an extent that we can now as easily print and mail 300,000 copies of the Weekly Blade per week as we could heretofore 150,000 to 200,000.

The Weekly Blade is practically the only national weekly newspaper now published in the United States. It stands in the front rank, and we are determined, at any cost, to push it forward still further. Any subscriber of the Weekly Blade will not be ashamed to help extend its circulation, because they all realize that it deserves success; that it is educational and helpful in every community, and the more copies The Blade has in circulation, the better it is for the cause of humanity. Every true Republican will acknowledge that all his neighbors will be better prepared for the coming fall campaign after reading the Weekly Blade during the present summer. Every member of a family will be benefited in some way by reading the Toledo Weekly Blade three months. We are constantly making the paper better, and this summer we shall spare no pains to make The Blade so good and interesting that if we get 150,000 three months' subscriptions, fully one-third of them will be prepared to renew for one year at the expiration of that time.

These are a few reasons why we want to add largely to our list this summer, and we hope all of our present subscribers will appreciate the good that may be done, by giving wider circulation to the Toledo Blade.

As stated elsewhere, the above tabulated offer is for the month of June only, and we want all of the work done during the month of June that is possible, exactly the same though there was not to be any July offer or August offer; but we shall duplicate the offer for the two following months, and even those who win premiums during the month of June may be able to win others during July and August.

We will send free sample copies of the Weekly Blade on application, to assist in the work of raising clubs.

Address all letters,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

Splendid Offer to Lady Reader of THE BLADE.

NO. 7092—LADIES' FRENCH BLOUSE WAIST.

This stylish waist is carried out in foulard showing white figures on a dark blue ground, the side-fronts opening upon a full vest of white crepe-de-Chine. The foundation consists of a glove-fitted lining fitted with the usual number of seams, double bust darts and closing invisibly in the center-front. The full vest is gathered at the neck edges and again at the waist line, where it drops in slight blouse effect over a narrow belt. This vest can be made to close invisibly at the center-front or at the left side, if preferred. The neck is shaped in low, rounding outline, presenting the jaunty effect—a fashion, by the way, extremely youthful and becoming. Smooth under-arm gores separate the fronts from the back, which is seamless, having scant fullness at the waist that is collected in gathers. A band of galoon covers the standing collar, from the upper edge of which flares a becoming frill of lace. The sleeves are provided with upper and under portions and have short puffs at the top. The wrists finish with Venetian points that are decorated with galoon and lace. Waists of this description can be fashioned in any one of the beautiful summer fabrics, including foulard, china, India, organdy and glace silks. The full vest is particularly designed for contrasting material such as mousseline or chiffon over satin, crepe-de-Chine, net or gauze.

7092—Ladies' French Blouse Waist.

Among the less expensive materials for developing are challie figured organdy, canvas weaves, etamine and dimity.

To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require two and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 7092, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 7062—MISSES' BOLERO AND SWISS GIRDLE.

Of all the stylish accessories of dress, nothing has as yet met with such universal favor as the stylish little bolero, the usefulness of which is at once apparent, as it can be worn over either an at-home or street gown, and is frequently employed in remodeling last season's dresses. The wardrobe of the growing girl requires close attention, particularly school dresses, which need more or less remodeling. A well-worn bodice can be wonderfully smartened up by the addition of the two patterns here given. The materials selected are spotted canvas cloth showing ecru and red. The bolero is of plain red canvas and the belt of black satin. The jaunty jacket, of becoming length, is trimly adjusted to the figure by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. It is deeply slashed at each front and at the center back. The shoulders are lengthened to form slashed tabs that fall deeply over the shoulders, and the high collar is also slashed and decorated, as is the entire garment, with braid in three widths, the narrower of which is arranged in trefoil effect. The girdle points deeply at the center front and back, where it closes invisibly. It is mounted upon a foundation or fitted lining that conforms to the figure, and has a whalebone inserted at front and back. The mode is adapted to any one of the season's new materials, including wash fabrics, such as pique, duck, canvas, etc.

7062—Misses' Bolero and Swiss Girdle.

To make this bolero for a miss of 14 years will require 1¼ yards of 24-inch material, and the girdle will require ⅝ of a yard of the same width material. The pattern, No. 7062, is cut in sizes for misses of 12, 14 and 16 years.

NO. 7081—LADIES' BATHING SUIT.

Lightness of weight and freedom from all restraint are the essential elements of a perfect bathing costume, both of which are united in the pattern illustrated. The waist and bloomers are united in one, so avoiding all possibility of parting. The skirt is separate and attached to a belt. The plastron, braided horizontally, makes an attractive feature, and is so arranged that there is a double closing. The skirt is cut in two pieces, circular front and side, and straight back; the trousers in two, back and front; the sleeves in one and the collar in one, shirring one-half. The fitting is accomplished by under-arm and shoulder seams, the fulness at the waist line being adjusted by a drawing string run through a casing stitched on for the purpose. At the knee there is a second casing, through which an elastic band is run. The closing is effected by an invisible front buttoned down the center, to which the plastron is attached at the right side and buttoned at the left.

7081—Ladies' Bathing Suit.

As illustrated the material is white brilliantine trimmed with white braid, which combination is held peculiarly desirable as having no color that can be injured by either sun or salt water. It is worn with a jaunty little cap of oil silk and with red stockings, which give the note of color.

Serge, brilliantine, plain mohair and flannel are all suitable materials, but the flannel has the disadvantage of becoming heavy with the water, while the serge and mohair avoid that difficulty and at the same time they fail to cling so closely to the figure.

To make this suit for a lady in the medium size will require five and three-fourths yards of forty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 7081, is cut in sizes for a 32, 36 and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 7089—LADIES' SHIRT WAIST, WITH TUCKED FRONT.

Glace silk showing white and violet was selected for this stylish waist that makes a decided variation from the regulation shirt waist. The white linen collar and cuffs are adjustable, but the waist can be made with permanent collar and cuffs, if preferred. A soft tie of white surah finishes the neck, and the waist is encircled by a white leather belt closed with a handsome gilt buckle. The fronts shirr, arranged at yoke depth, and the closing is made at the center-front through the applied box-plait that finishes the right edge. Under-arm gores are inserted, making the adjustment exceedingly trim.

The back is plaited and joined to the straight, lower edge of a lining yoke; the handsome yoke, of material in newest design, being laid over the plaits and stitched on the curved edges. The fulness at the waist line is regulated in the front by gathers and at the back by close overlapping plaits, the lower edges at the waist being worn under the dress skirt. The stylish sleeves are of the width that fashion dictates for the coming season, they are gathered at the top, and at the wrists finished with under and over-laps. The turn-down collar that finishes the neck is mounted on a high neck-band.

Percale, dimity, gingham, lawn, organdy, batiste and wash silks are all suitable, and light-weight taffetas in checks, plaids, stripes or changeable effects make pretty waists of this description.

To make this shirt waist for a lady in the medium size will require 3½ yards of 36-inch material. The pattern, No. 7089, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

DO NOT FAIL to give the NUMBER of pattern, and MEASUREMENTS. It will save trouble and delay.

NO. 7039—GIRLS' DRESS, WITH BOLERO FRONTS.

This pretty little dress is desirable for washable as well as other fabrics. As here pictured it is made of plain gingham in a pretty shade of blue trimmed with Hamburg edging, all-over embroidery, and insertion. The waist is arranged over a lining that is simply adjusted by shoulder, under-arm seams and single bust darts, and closes invisibly at the center back. The front shows a short yoke of all-over embroidery shaped in rounding outline, to the lower edge of which the frill portion is joined, the becoming fullness being arranged at the top by gathers that finish with a frill of embroidery. At the waist the material is again gathered and sewed to the foundation-braid, drooping slightly. The backs show fullness at the upper and lower edges where it is drawn close to the center back.

An attractive feature is the pretty bolero fronts reaching to the waist line that is included in the shoulder and under-arm seams. A handsome Vandyke collar falls deeply at the back where it forms two points, and is carried over the shoulders to extend down the front edges of the bolero. A standing collar overlaid with a band of insertion and decorated at the top with a frill of embroidery completes the neck. The sleeves are coat-shaped with puffs at the top, the wrists being completed with insertion and edging.

The straight, full skirt is gathered at the top and joined to the bottom of the waist, the joining being concealed by a dainty sash of satin ribbon.

The mode will develop satisfactorily in gingham, challie, madras, batiste, dimity, silks in India, China, glace or taffeta with trimmings of either lace, embroidery or insertion.

To make this dress for a girl of 8 years will require 3½ yards of 36-inch material. The pattern, No. 7039, is cut in sizes for girls of six, eight, ten and twelve years.

7039—Girls' Dress with Bolero Fronts.

NO. 7085—MISSES' FRENCH BLOUSE WAIST.

Stylish waist, fashioned in figured barege, showing a full vest and back guimpe of surah, suitable for a young miss. Narrow black velvet ribbon provides the decoration, and a fine divided frill of lace finishes the neck. The foundation consists of a glove-fitted lining, with the usual number of seams and single bust darts entering into the adjustment. It closes invisibly at the center-back. The becoming fullness of the vest or front is disposed in gathers at the neck edges and at the waist. The side-fronts, which are included in the shoulder and under-arm seams, fit smoothly at the top, with the slight fullness at the waist laid in forward-turning plaits. Smooth under-arm gores separate the fronts from the backs, which are smooth at the top, where they are cut in low, rounding outline, showing a gathered yoke of surah above. At each side of the closing the backs have a slight fullness, arranged in close, overlapping plaits. The upper edges of the side-fronts are also rounded, presenting the guimpe effect that is a feature of the season's style and becoming to all youthful figures. The neck is completed by a standing band, surmounted by a full ruche of lace. The two-seamed sleeves have short puffs and are finished at the wrists in Venetian style.

Challes, cashmere, novelty and canvas weaves will make up prettily in combination with silk, surah, mousseline, chiffon or crepe-de-Chine, forming the vest and back yoke. The free edges may be trimmed with either ribbon, braid or passementerie.

To make this waist for a miss of 14 years will require 2¾ yards of 44-inch material. The pattern, No. 7085, is cut in sizes for misses of 12, 14 and 16 years.

7085—Misses' French Blouse Waist.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required. Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

HAWAIIAN ANNEXATION.

Chicago Evening Post:—The chief reason for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands is found in the fact that 91 per cent of their trade is with the United States. For the year ending June 30, 1896, we imported $11,336,796 worth of sugar from there, or more than half as much as we imported from Cuba in the same year. In return, we supply Hawaii with groceries, provisions, grain, timber, machinery, hardware and what clothing is needed in its salubrious climate.

In population the islands have been rapidly changing from Maori to Mongolian. According to the latest census there were 31,019 native Hawaiians, 8,485 half-breed Hawaiians, 24,407 Japanese, 21,616 Chinese and 15,191 Portuguese, leaving only 8,302 to be divided among Americans, English, Germans, Norwegians and other foreigners, of whom less than 2,000 or about two per cent of the whole, were Americans.

The Chinese and Japanese have been increasing rapidly, and it is to the attempt to restrict or prohibit their coming that we owe the present agitation for annexation to the United States. With the Hawaiians it is annexation to the United States, accepting British sovereignty or complete submersion under the tide of Japanese immigration. The three stand in the order of preference, alternative and necessity.

THREE WISHES.

It was years ago, when I was a child,
A fairy came to me;
"Now look in your heart and wish," she smiled;
"You shall have wishes three.
Look deep in your heart and wish," she said,
"For what you wish shall be."

I looked in my heart—I was but a child—
And I wished for a red, red rose.
The sweetest, the largest, the reddest flower
That in any garden grows.
It came and it withered within an hour;
Flowers fade, as every one knows.

I looked in my heart—I was but a child—
And wished for a milk-white dove,
It came, and surely never before
Had any bird such love.
One day it unfolded its wings and flew
Far into the heaven above.

I looked in my heart—I was but a child—
Yet a child can be so wise;
"Give me what's sweeter than any sweet rose,
More fair than the dove at flight,
A lover, affectionate, good and true!"
'Twas then I looked into your eyes.
—Truth.

Disarmed.

"Have you heard, Count, how Mr. Jones had his arm taken off?"

"No; mees; ees it possible?"

"Yes; he put his arm around Cissie's waist last night, and, of course, she took it off at once."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Sunbeam and Star.

The love that played a sunbeam's part
Still shines for me, though faint and far;
And in the night-time of my heart
Has turned to passion's polar star.

—Itching Piles, Salt Rheum and Eczema can be cured with Dr. Hebra's Ungold. Sample, 2c stamp. G. C. Bittner Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Our I's and.... ....Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn, who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier, that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has, **"Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."**

Any doubt about it? Send for "Curebook" It kills doubts and cures doubters. Address J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

RUINS FOR THE HUDSON.

A Patriotic American Who Would Out-Rhine the Rhine—A True Story.

He was intensely American, one of the aggressive kind, always making everybody realize that he loved his country with a devotion that would brook no unfavorable comparisons.

They were sailing down the Rhine on one of those long, narrow steamers that leave Mayence every morning. There was the usual crowd of tourists aboard, most of them Americans, of course, though some of them so far forgot their nationality as to enthuse over everything European—especially English—to the detriment of things American.

One group in particular was so offensively anti-American that they aroused the ire of our hero, who stood by and listened to them extolling everything on that side of the water, and depreciating everything on the other, until at length his inborn patriotism could stand it no longer. With that tact for which he was noted, he easily and almost imperceptibly merged himself into the party, and soon began a vigorous defense of all the things the remainder had been so strenuously decrying. As he warmed up to his subject, he became eloquent, and soon had quite an audience listening to his fervid language. All at once he was interrupted by one of the tourists, who exclaimed:

"But surely, you will admit that we have nothing at home that will compare with this glorious River Rhine, so famed in song and story."

"Admit nothing," was the emphatic reply. "While the Rhine has certain attributes of beauty, it isn't as long, as wide, as deep or as important as our own noble Hudson, rolling majestically down through the finest country on God's footstool, to form one of the finest harbors in the world in front of the finest city in the world! No, sir, I tell you——"

"Granted all you say is true," returned the other, "but the Hudson lacks the picturesque old towers, and ruined castles and limpid waterfalls down those mossy-covered banks. Without those features——"

"But, sir! The Hudson shall no longer be without those features, sir, for I assure you that upon my return home, sir, I purpose at once organizing the American Water Fall and Ruined Castle company (Limited), with a capital of ten million dollars, sir; and we'll build ruined castles all along the Hudson from Albany down to Harlem, and then the measly Rhine, sir, won't be in it at any stage of the game."

Then they all drank to the success of the new company in numberous bottles of Deidesheimer.

SOME LATE NEW THINGS.

A handy hitching weight is made of a cast-iron body, in which a spring drum is mounted to wind and unwind the hitching strap, a bale being attached to the weight to lift it, the advantage being that the strap is not loose in the wagon to catch a person's feet nor slack when in use to entangle the horse.

In a new incandescent vapor lamp the oil is first raised to heated tubes to be changed into gas by air pressure, the tubes being heated by the flame of the lamp and the gas expanding to force the oil into the tubes in place of the air; the flame is surrounded by a hood or mantle to give a white light.

A new water bicycle is composed of two air tight tubes with pointed ends fastened together by cross-braces, on which is set a shaft supporting a broad paddle wheel turned by a chain running from the pedal shaft, a drum casing partially surrounding the paddles to prevent the rider from getting wet.

To give an alarm when a hat or coat is removed from a hook by any one but the owner, a newly patented is hinged to a wall bracket and contains a spring to force it upward and close an electric circuit and ring a bell as soon as the garment is removed, the owner only being able to prevent the alarm.

To give warning to a cycler or driver when he is riding beyond a certain speed a bell is attached to one of the wheels, with a spring-arm inside, which forces itself outward as the speed of the wheel increases until it strikes the bell and gives the alarm, the spring arm being set for any speed desired by turning a screw.

To assist the nurse in wheeling the baby without the exertion of walking a spring loop is clamped on the tire of the wheel, to be depressed when the carriage is pushed out by the nurse until the widest part of the spring rolls between the wheel and the ground, when the spring expands and drives the carriage back again.

In a newly patented toy for children a tube is mounted in an angle in a frame with the under side of the lower end cut away, and a spring lever lying in position to hold a fire cracker in the tube, the lever being pulled back and held in place by clamping the fuse of the cracker so that it will release itself when the fuse is almost burned out, the lever throwing it in the air in time to explode it there.

DEARNESS.

Love's young; each day
He comes to greet,
And lay a rose
At her dear, dear feet.

Love ages; he
Less often goes
To lay at her feet
A dear, dear rose.
—Puck.

How She Does It.

She—"But a woman can make money go farther than a man can."

He—"Yes! I've known you to travel half over the city to spend half a dollar, when a man would have parted with it at the first store he went into!"—Boston Transcript.

History Up to Date.

Teacher—"Who was the hero of New Orleans?"

Thomas—"Corbett."

Teacher—"No, no; Jackson."

Thomas—"Why, Jackson was afraid to fight in New Orleans, ma'am."—Leslie's Weekly.

There Are Others.

"What keeps Hemp-eck from making a hit?"

"Mrs."—New York Journal.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

My soul! why so tearful,
So cast down and fearful?
Why tremble at ills that never betide?
Whatever assails thee,
Whatever else fails thee,
This promise is certain: "The Lord will provide."

Fret not for the morrow,
Nor anxious thought borrow;
Thy food and thy raiment shall all be supplied.
Bid all thy fears vanish,
And all thy doubts banish,
And list to faith's whisper, "The Lord will provide."

The cares that oppress thee,
The wants that distress thee,
Each need of thy nature He knoweth beside,
Since His word is never broken,
Take that as thy token,
To trust that in all things "The Lord will provide.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Here is an Outdoor Toilette in a Two-Piece Costume.

This is an admirable suit for very young girls to wear at seaside or mountain resorts. The plan here followed in arranging the toilette is particularly good, but it need not be copied exactly, as variation in trimming and material is sometimes desirable, the occasion and season for which the suit is intended determing whether a woolen like cheviot and serge or washable pique, crash or percale shall be chosen. Embroidered insertion is liked for decorating the latter fabrics, but a disposal of black braid and white pearl buttons, such as here appears advantageously on red cloth, is advised on the other goods mentioned. The four-gored skirt with graduated ers only at the back, and also the square sailor-collar and the shapely sleeves of the short, natty jacket have a grown-up air that will charm the little wearer of such a costume. The shirt-waist is made pretty to look at by a pointed back yoke facing and becoming fulness in the front and lower part of the waist.
—The Delineator.

DID THIS BIRD HANG ITSELF?

A Strange Event at the Edison Laboratory.

A strange event happened at the Edison laboratory in Orange, N. J., recently, which puzzled the great inventor and left the question as much in doubt as ever, says an Eastern paper. It is thought by some Orangeites that an English sparrow committed suicide on the walls of the laboratory; by others that merely an accident occurred. The facts are as follows: In the end of the loft in one of the laboratory buildings is a diamond-shaped arrangement for holes. These holes were left there for ventilation purposes and were made by leaving out certain bricks in the end wall of the house. They proved capital nesting places for the sparrows, and several of the birds were not slow to make use of them. One day the workmen around the building noticed in a sparrow which was making a great to do over the repairing of a nest. The little fellow flew in and out of the hole collecting all kinds of shreds and patches and interweaving them with the old work of the nest. Finally the bird secured a long piece of grocer's cord, such as is used to tie up small packages, and flew with it to the nest. The workmen saw the bird enter the hole with the string trailing after it. Then as the part of the cord hanging out of the hole was submitted to several continued jerks they concluded that the bird was interweaving the cord with fabric of the nest. They dismissed the matter for the time being and went about their work.

Later in the day the bird was seen to be hanging dead outside the hole. A slip-noose on the end of the string which it had been using to build the nest was tightly drawn around its neck and part of one wing. A photograph was taken on the spot and an examination made. It was evident that the bird had drawn the string into the hole until nothing but the slip-noose remained outside, then for some purpose had flown quickly out, and in doing so had passed its head through the noose. The force with which the noose closed around its neck must have strangled the bird instantly. It hung limp, the interweaving of the other end of the string in the nest keeping it from falling to the ground.

BRILLIANTS.

A leaf may hide the largest star
From Love's uplifted eye;
A mote of prejudice out-bar
A world of charity.
—John R. Tabb.

Over the mountain-growths disease and sorrow.
An uncaught bird is ever hovering, hovering
High in the purer, happier air.

From imperfection's murkiest cloud
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light.
One flash of heaven's glory.
—Walt Whitman.

AWAY.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here.

Think of him still as the same, I say,
He is not dead—he is just away.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Hood's Pills

Stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure biliousness, headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. Do not gripe. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

CHAFFEE'S SHORT-HAND SCHOOL. Practical in every particular. Mail instruction. First Lesson Free. Address W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

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CATCHING THE HORSE.

Toledo Daily Blade, June 14.

"I wish you would go out with me this evening to bring Dandy in," remarked my wife to me at breakfast.

Dandy is the family horse. A few weeks ago the domestic autocrat discovered that his bodily health required a tr

••• THE COZY CORNER •••

THE PURPOSE IN LIFE.

Do the tears that arise in the heat of the strife
Seem to hide from your vision the purpose of life?
Do the myriad cares of laborious days
Leave the doubt in your heart whether living them pays?

Banish the doubt and plod on. Life was given to man
As a part of creation's mysterious plan.
Each must carry what burdens the years may bestow
Until burdens and bearer alike are laid low.

And the end of the road is a couch with a pall,
And it may be the couch is the end of it all,
Or it may be the spirit, released from the clod,
Shares the freedom of time with the infinite God.

'Tis but folly to dig into moss-covered creeds.
Let your life be a record of generous deeds.
Not the wisest may fathom futurity's plan,
But the weakest may live as becometh a man.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

A correspondent writes to know why the editor did not, in the article on floor coverings, speak of painted and waxed floors, as they are so much to be preferred both for sanitary and "monetary" reasons.

Unless your floor is made of narrow, matched flooring a painted or stained surface will not look well, and on an ordinary floor it will be an impossibility to use wax with any degree of success. If you have a smooth, hardwood floor, you can do without carpets, if you choose, and have the noisy cold effect of the bare boards, or the nuisance of many rugs, which are pitfalls for the unwary.

If your choice is for waxed floors, you can procure the prepared wax and apply it yourself, but to people unaccustomed to this, the effort of walking across the slippery surface is most embarrassing.

As to the sanitary benefits derived from such an arrangement, that depends, I think, very much upon the care given the carpet, and—it may shock you, but I believe it true in nine out of ten cases—upon the prevailing fashion regarding carpets or bare floors, and upon the housekeepers' individual belief in germs.

If you are fortunate, or unfortunate, as you please—to have your floors covered with a good carpet, your lives may be shortened by the "microbes and germs" that it will harbor, but by thoroughly sweeping it, and once a week, at least, going over it with a cloth wrung out of a solution of carbolic acid in water, you will probably be able to live out your appointed days, even with a carpet on your floor.

Among the accepted draperies for windows and doors we find a great variety of materials and prices. A good shade is the first thing to be considered and these can be had for 25, 35, and for the best, 50 cents. They can be adjusted so as to be rolled from the top or bottom of a window.

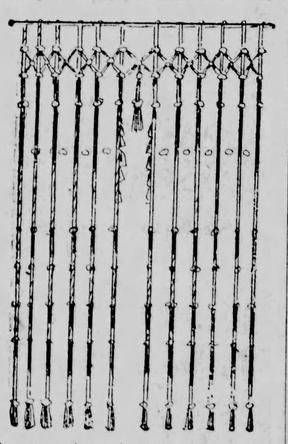
Ruffled muslin curtains are very nice for bed rooms, or cottages. Lace, from 75 cents a pair upward to as much as you please to pay, can be found in new and beautiful patterns. These drapery curtains are hung upon poles, run through a hem at the top, the fashion of hanging them with the clattering, jingling brass rings having been dropped some time ago.

The newest designs in lace curtains consist of a plain center with lace insertion and edging. These are intended to hang perfectly straight at the window. These goods run in price from $2 to $5 per pair for the curtains, or you can obtain the same thing in yard goods at 50 cents a yard.

The highest price for curtain goods was paid last year by the Empress of Germany. She ordered them made at Lyons, France, of white silk with flowers, birds and foliage in relief, and paid $1,200 a yard for them. It took the weaver who made it many months of skilled labor, and this, besides the cost of the material used, brought the price of a yard of this dainty curtain stuff up to more than a year's income of many a family.

For door draperies, there is nothing prettier or more convenient than the rope portiers. They are light and inexpensive and by the different arrangement of the ropes can be made to have many different effects.

Chenille is also a favorite curtain, especially to be used in narrow doorways.



These are shown in very rich colorings and cost from $1.87 upward. Tapestry in plain or Oriental colors with designs in the colonial or empire styles; silk damask at $3.50 per yard, Satin Derby, and Oriental effects in pale blue, rose, green, etc., in stripes running across the width of the curtain, are among the imported goods most generally used.

We have a very pretty worsted tapestry in all of the prevailing colors at $3 a pair, and for small houses where a less expensive material is desired, cotton tapes-

try can be had at from $1.79 to $6 the pair for curtains 6 feet by 7½ feet.

For sash curtains pretty patterns in muslin are obtainable for as low as 10 cents. This muslin also makes very pretty bed room curtains.

For information concerning carpets and draperies, the editor is indebted to the courtesy of some of the firms who advertise in The Blade, and all suggestions, prices, etc., given by them may be considered as perfectly reliable.

Next week this series of housekeepers' helps will close with some hints upon the arrangement and furnishing of Cozy Corners in our homes.

As if she knew that the editor was especially glad just now of any hints in this direction, Mary comes with a description of one of the most ingenious and yet simple, conveniences:

One of my neighbors has a very convenient china closet, that has the additional merit of taking up no room. When the new kitchen was built, the old one was converted into a dining room. A window which was now of no further use was removed from its casing, and the brick wall under it taken out down to the base board.

The upper part was fitted with shelves for dishes, with a glass door on the dining room side, and a panel door opening into the kitchen. The space under the shelves was filled with three drawers opening into the dining room. When it is necessary to use any of the dishes in the kitchen, the cupboard door can be opened to get them without going from one room to the other.

The upper drawer is shallow, and divided into two parts by a partition across the middle. One-half was used for knives and forks, and the other for spoons, while the lower drawers held the table linen.

It is often desirable to clean heavy carpets such as Brussels or Moquette, without removing them from the floor. In a room that is in constant use this should be done three or four times a year, for it is quite impossible to make a room look bright and cheerful if the carpet is soiled and dingy. The floor of our dining room is covered with a Brussels rug, or drugget, twelve by fifteen feet in size. This had gathered so much coal dust during the winter that a thorough cleaning was necessary this spring. We tried a new method of doing the work, and found it so easy and satisfactory that perhaps other housekeepers would like to hear of it.

The first thing to be done is to sweep the carpet thoroughly. Cut a bar of ivory soap into thin slices and pour enough boiling water over it to make a thin jelly when it is cold, then boil until all the soap is dissolved. Put enough of this jelly in soft, hot water to make a strong suds; pour a little on the carpet, and scour with a scrubbing brush as you would scour a floor. When clean, scrape off the suds with a knife into a dust pan, and wipe the carpet with a cloth wrung from clear warm water.

A grease spot, or very dirty place can be cleaned by using the soap jelly and adding very little, if any water, to it. Clean a little at a time until you have gone over the whole carpet, then open the windows and doors so it will dry quickly, and it must not be used while it is damp.

Smaller rings can be cleaned in the same way by fastening them smoothly to a floor or table with small tacks. I can assure my readers that they need not be afraid to try this method on carpets or rugs of the most delicate colors. It is harmless and really wonderful in its effects.

We often read of the "dainty little feet" of some man's lady-love, but it is seldom we hear anyone sing the praise of the woman to whom nature has given a large foot, even though it be none too large to support her body, but J. W. T. is a man who appreciates a good friend, no matter what size of shoe she wears.

If any one should recognize herself in the "original" of this verse, it may comfort them to know that in the note accompany it, J. W. T. says that he has a "very great regard" for the one who inspired the lines:

THE GIRL WITH NUMBER SEVENS.

She's sort o' sweet, and then her feet
Cast such a goodly shadder,
So very tall, them feet and all,
I kind o' wish I had her.

'Tis fate's decree she cannot be
So very condescending,
In joy and care with me to share,
And cook, and do my mending.

May happiness her future bless,
Perhaps, with friends in Heaven,
Some day I'll meet the girl with feet
That fit a number seven.

A Western woman, Dr. E. T. Judd, seems to have given the subject of woman suffrage some attention from a physician's standpoint. While her arguments are by no means new, there is much that is true in what she says, and it will do us no harm to give thoughtful attention to her words:

How many times we hear some enthusiastic woman express her opinion that the world would soon be better, and all of the evils of intemperance, vice, political iniquity, etc., be done away with if only women could vote.

As a physician, I have been a close observer in many homes and I am convinced that in every instance where the mother spent her time in the endeavor to help along suffrage, by attending mother's councils; women's clubs, etc., leaving her children meanwhile to the care and education of servants, and the street teachers that are so plenty, that she was not obeying God's command to "train up a child in the way he should go," and by neglecting to do so she was injuring the work of progress in the world, far more than she was helping it. The home is the foundation of all good citizenship, and to the mother is given the responsibility of instilling the first principles of everything, good or bad, into the mind of the child, and I fully believe if women would take this for their field of work and labor to teach their sons and daughters the true ideas of a pure government, that there would not be many generations before the desired change in public affairs would be a fact.

In that time, the boys would have learned to so appreciate the worth and ability of their mothers, that there would be no question of sex when offices of trust were to be filled.

There is no other way by which we can persuade the men—the present law makers—that we are fit to fill these offices, or to vote for others to fill them, except we begin when they are boys—very young boys—and train them up as they should go. If you, and you, and you, my sisters think you are fit to govern the country and make the laws, you must first prove that you are able to govern yourselves and your children; to know what is best and to live up to your belief. Unless you can prove this, you will never succeed in persuading or driving men to give you the right of suffrage, no, even though you let your family go to ruin while you are attending conventions and caucuses and reading long speeches on women's rights.

May, wishes some one to give an "infallible" rule for telling whether mushrooms are mushrooms or toadstools.

A subscriber wishes a recipe for coloring a wool jacket that has faded in streaks. She does not specify the color she desires, but says that Diamond Dyes are not of any use to her, she prefers some home-made preparation.

To this lady the editor will explain that the reason she has not seen any knitted lace patterns, is on account of the difficulty of correctly printing them from the imperfect directions that have usually been sent with them.

Young Mother:—You might follow the Holland custom and announce the birth of a son by hanging a red pincushion outside the door, or, if the baby is a girl the cushion must be of white.

You can purchase rubber crib-sheets 30 inches wide and 36 inches long for $1.25.

Sufferer:—You can some times break up a cold in the head by eating a lump of sugar wet with five drops of camphor. Repeat every half hour. Must be taken when the first symptoms appear.

WHERE KNOWLEDGE ISN'T POWER

I know that she would cease to be
So free to tease and torture me
If I could just be brave and dare
To show her that I didn't care—
But I can't!

I know she'd cease to flirt if I
Could only once pretend to sigh
O'er some sweet rival girl, or rage
About some beauty on the stage—
But I can't!

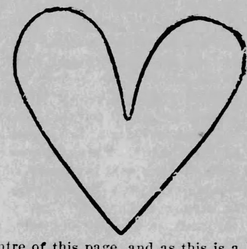
Therefore, she has her own sweet way,
And treats me worse from day to day;
If I rebelled I know that she
Would quickly turn and worship me—
But I can't!
—Cleveland Leader.

BLADE FANCY WORK CLUB.

Pincushions in some shape or other are a part of the furnishing of every room in the home, at least they come handy in every room, and a very pretty one for the guest chamber is here given:

Pansy Pin Cushion.

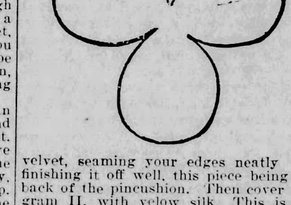
The pincushion which is one of the daintiest and most artistic possible, is shown in the illustration which occupies the



centre of this page, and as this is a little difficult to make, I am giving you a diagram of the two differently shaped pieces required for it. For the prettiest and most effective way of carrying out this flower design lies in as near a copy of the lovely pansy itself as possible.

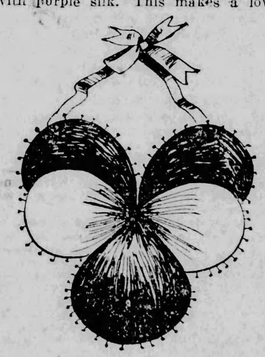
Some pieces of violet velvet and white satin or purple velvet and yellow silk, make a beautiful combination.

Cut out diagram marked I, in cardboard and cover both sides with purple



velvet, seaming your edges neatly and finishing it off well, this piece being the back of the pincushion. Then cover diagram II. with yelow silk. This is the top piece with the three petals, and with some purple filoselle you must shade the lowest of the three petals so thickly as to make it appear almost purple; the two other petals are to be only slightly shaded with long stitches in the same manner.

Lay diagram II. on the top of diagram I., sew them both firmly together and buttonhole stitch them right through with purple silk. This makes a lovely



pincushion, and if carried out in large size, that is to say, about six inches, it is really a charming cushion to hang on a looking glass in the guest chamber and makes a useful and humble article, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

There seems to be a revival of the fashion of years ago of embroidery sets of furniture covers, and it is certainly a more satisfactory result for the time and material required than the table covers and mats made of linen, which occupy the spare moments of our fair friends.

These covers are done of almost any material, but for something that will be really worth the while, tapestry or velvet should be used. The patterns used are various. A floral design can be made that will prove very satisfactory, or if you have a coat of arms in your family that can be reproduced in every piece.

A monogram in long letters, either alone or encircled with a garland of your favorite flowers gives a very elegant result if worked on a dark foundation with colors and, if you please, a line of gold thread running through the design.

Church embroidery is also attracting a great deal of attention just now, and devout young ladies are making altar cloths, desk hangings, book-marks, etc. These, together with the ecclesiastical vestments, can be made as magnificent, beautiful and harmonious as the taste, and means of the worker may suggest, and she can have the satisfaction of feeling that her handiwork is to become a part of God's house and devoted to His service.

THE BLADE COOK.

In answer to a request for some "unusual salads," the Cook gives the following, hoping they may be found acceptable as well as "unusual":

Tongue Salad.

Cut into small bits one-third each of boiled tongue, cold boiled potatoes and celery, with a trifle of chopped parsley. Mix well, pour over it a mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce leaves, with thin slices of brown bread. Excellent for luncheon.

Tripe Salad.

Boil the tripe till tender, cut into thin strips and mix with equal parts of cold boiled potato, celery, chopped tomato and a few chopped capers. Pour over it any good salad dressing preferred and serve very cold.

Apple Salad.

Peel, core and chop fine, 2 tart apples; shred a small head of white or red cabbage and let it stand, covered with salt, for 15 minutes. Wash free from the salt and add to the apples with ½ cup of cold, boiled vegetable oyster plant. Mix well with mayonnaise and serve with pork or smoked meats.

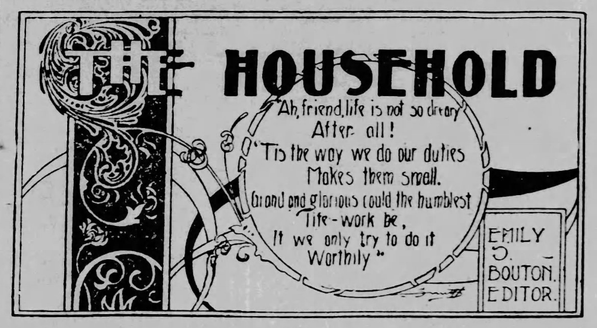
For something else "unusual," we have to-day a recipe sent from Rhode Island, called:

Squirrels' Tails.

Sift twice 1 qt. flour, rub into it 1 tablespoonful of butter and a pinch of salt. Dissolve 1 cake of compressed yeast in a little warm water, add this to the flour with warm milk enough to make a moderately soft dough. Knead well and set it in a warm place to rise; when light knead into it the beaten whites of 2 eggs and let it rise again. Make a sauce of 1 cupful of sugar and ½ cupful of butter, beaten till white and creamy. Roll the dough thin and cut in strips about 1½ inches wide and 6 inches long and spread the sauce upon them. Roll the strips up separately, place in a pan, let rise for a few minutes and bake in a quick oven.

These are not so much trouble to make as it would seem from these directions and are the most delicious tea biscuit imaginable.

The HOUSEHOLD



DISINTEGRATING FORCE.

TO LOSE FAITH IN YOUR POWER OF ACCOMPLISHMENT IS TO FAIL.

The Year Nineteen Hundred—The Wonderful Exposition to Be Held in Paris.

"I can not do it!"

Do not say it. Do not even think it. The moment you allow doubt to enter into your efforts, you have introduced a disintegrating force which will surely make for failure. Distrust in your power to accomplish is a swift or slow paralysis of your strength, according to the proportion which it bears to the enthusiasm of your endeavors. Measure the difficulties in your way, if necessary, but do not, for one instant after you have once entered into the race, admit the possibility of defeat. When you do that, you put yourself in the attitude of the conquered. You invite to you the current of discouraged thought from others through the law that like seeks like, and your own purposes are thus weakened.

Emerson says: "I know no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind as that tenacity of purpose which through all change of companies, or parties, or fortunes, changes never, bates no jot of heart or hope, but wearies out opposition and arrives at its port." This persistence is what wins success in its finality. The half-hearted, the doubting, the unbelieving weave into their effort this quality, and thus it lacks vitality.

But you say, you have been working so many weary days, or months, or perhaps years, and always with hope in your heart until now, when the end seems as far away as ever. Perhaps patience was the lesson you most needed to learn. Perhaps this delay was necessary to the perfecting of your powers. Somewhere I have lately read the story of a young girl with a beautiful but untrained voice, who placed herself under the teaching of an old Italian master of the art of singing. He wrote a line of two of exercises upon a sheet of music paper, and the lessons began. It was a question of forming a vocal sound, soft, musical, mellow, penetrating, full of vitality, and withal produced without effort. From time to time other exercises were added until the page was filled, and the work went on, but the scholar was always held to this page. Weeks wore into months, and months into years, until three summers and three winters had followed each other. The girl grew impatient, but the master declared that there were yet imperfections to be overcome before she could really sing. Two years more she labored faithfully, obedient to his word, and once again she asked to be permitted to enter the great world of song. And then the master said: "You need no more teaching. You are to-day one of the world's greatest singers." And it was so

Nothing in nature jumps at once to perfection. All growth is a slow and orderly process of reaching towards a certain goal. You would not expect the seed to spring at once into the perfected flower. It is the persistence and energy in that life principle directed towards a given end, that brings the result. Yesterday I was looking at a vine whose way to greater freedom had been accidentally obstructed. It had found a new path and was pursuing it with a glorious vigor and determination. The same law holds good for human beings. It is courage, and faith, and perseverance that bring success.

There is this thing always to be remembered: Doors will not, of themselves, fly open to await your struggling, doubtful steps. You must walk boldly forward and show that you will pass through at any and all cost to yourself.

And this brings me to a few final words upon this matter of victories won. All that is great, all that is noble, all that is true, all that is worth having, can only come through what has been named "an infinite painstaking." It may not seem so to the outside world because the inner processes of the mind, which shape events far more than we yet realize, are not visible; yet it is certain that success, whether it is in something aimed for on the material plane, or whether it is an endeavor to reach the diviner heights, the eternal real, can only come from this "infinite painstaking," this unswerving effort which is the fruit of continued aspiration.

The year nineteen hundred! It gives me a sort of wierd sensation to think that in a future so very near we shall have to change the century thought and habit of our lives. Watching events rapidly shape themselves, never so rapidly before within the knowledge of present onlookers, and the conviction forces itself upon us that still greater changes are in store within the next decade—changes that will bring a new order of things such as a few years ago, were undreamed of. In science alone great strides forward have been made, and as we read of the secrets which are, every day, being wrested from Nature, we thrill with wonder at the might of man's possible accomplishment.

I think the great international exposition to be held in Paris in 1900 will be full of the greatest interest, especially to those who visited the World's Fair at Chicago. France is determined that this gathering together of the best evidences of man's industrial and intellectual progress, shall be the greatest ever known to history. I have no doubt that it will be so, and I believe that it will also show indirectly, if not directly, that his moral and spiritual progress has been wonderfully quickened in these later years of the century.

The description of what is to be done in Paris in preparation reads like a fairy tale. Two magnificent fine art palaces, costing millions of dollars, are to be built from plans drawn by eminent artists; a wonderful bridge, nearly sixty meters in breadth, or twice that of any now spanning the river, with a single arch of immense proportions, is to be erected; the Seine is to be transformed into a vast Venetian canal lined with palaces and having broad banks * * upon which the public may promenade;" a palace of electricity, to be built entirely of glass, in which will be displayed the electrical wonders of the century—all these and many more make one almost breathless.

It is stated by a recent writer in the International Magazine that a new principle is to govern the industrial exhibits. It consists in the "uniform placing, beside the manufactured product, of the machine used in its manufacture, and the processes of its production." This will add immensely to the interest of what have hitherto been only vast commercial museums. Machines at work mean much more than standing motionless, inert, beside what they have done in the past, and are expected to do in the future. Only think what object lessons will be thus given!

Affirmative responses, it is said, have been returned by most of the countries of the world to the invitation of France to take part in this great exposition. The fact that this is so, whispers of peace and good will between nations, for were it otherwise such preparations would not be undertaken. Perhaps, who can tell, it may be the dawning of a new day, when the spirit of brotherhood will enter into universal manifestation. Let us hope that this may be true.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

PLEASANT THINGS.

To Read When One Ha a Few Leisure oMments.

A PLOVER ON GUARD.

O little plover, still circling over
Your nest in clover, your house of love,
Sure none dare harm it and none alarm it
While you are keeping your watch above.

'Tis she doth love you and well approve you,
Your little love-bird so gray and sweet;
If hawk and falcon swept down above you,
'Tis she would trust you the twain to meet.

Now let me pass, sir, a harmless lass, sir,
With no designs on your eggs of blue.
I wish your family both health and wealth, sir,
And to be as faithful and kind as you.

But not a shadow steals o'er the meadow
That he will swoop not to drive away;
The bee in clover and Wind the rover
He fears mean ill to his love in gray.

The showers so sunny and sweet as honey
Have power to trouble his anxious breast.
Now might one purchase for love or money
That watchful heart and that pleasant nest!
—Katharine Tynon Hinkson.

The season of achievement is not limited by the sojourn in this part of life. This state is an experimental one. We are learning how to live. If one cultivates his mind, his character, his higher nature, he is getting out of life its best purposes, and doing the will of his Father who is in heaven. This is the essential thing: other matters are accidental and contingent.

The spiritual philosophy of life conceives it in its wholeness from this standpoint. The future is not a system of arbitrary rewards and retributions, but the natural and inevitable results of the present. Each one creates his future. Its joy or its sorrow is within his own power and option. This conviction makes each day and hour its own responsibility, but its own joy and promise as well. Let one sow to the spirit, and of the spirit reap love, joy and peace.—Boston Budget.

It is said that children are growing more and more irreverent. Here is an illustration:

She was a bright little maiden of 6 years, with an irrepressible vitality.

One day her mamma was more than usually tried, and exclaimed:

"Dorothy Dymple, you ought to go to your room and ask God to forgive you for being so naughty."

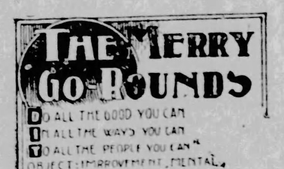
Dorothy disappeared for a little while, then returned with a most important air. Mrs. Dymple noticing this said:

"Dorothy, did you ask God to forgive you?"

"Yes, I did mamma," said Dorothy, with a toss of her head, "and God said, 'Great Scott, Dorothy Dymple, I know lots of little girls ten times worser than you are.'"—New York Herald.

Little Willie prayed long and ineffectually for a little brother. At last he gave it up as "no use." Soon after his mother had the pleasure of showing him twin babies. He looked at them a moment and then exclaimed: "How lucky it was that I stopped praying. There might have been three."

When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth his eye is as clear as the heavens.—Emerson.



Miss Prudence received a funny little letter the other day. It was written for an embryo Merry-Go-Round, aged four years. Her mother explained that Ruth had been very much interested in our Easter project from hearing it talked over in the family, and that she—the mother—wrote the letter, verbatim, from the child's dictation and sent it to please Ruth, hoping Miss Prudence and her big girls and boys would not feel annoyed. Far from it; indeed, we are very glad to welcome Miss Ruth, and hope, when she is able to write for herself to the M. G. R. columns, that she will still have the spirit of perseverance and self-denial she shows in this letter:

Dear Miss Prudence, I wiped the dishes and sweeped up the crumbs under the table, the ones I dropped there when I eated my breakfast and dinner and supper, you know, and I picked up the baby's playthings when he dropped them and he throws them down just a purpose sometimes, I think, and mamma gave me a penny every single day, but there weren't enough days, so I could have but just twenty-five pennies.

I buyed 12 eggs, 6 of them were red and yellow and blue and boiled, and 6 of them were just white and raw, like the old hen made them, and they all cost me 10 of my pennies.

I gave them to the woman who washes our clothes and has six girls and boys at home and she said May the saints make your bed in Hivin, but I guess she did not know that I have a nice little white bed with yellow ends to it, up in my mama's room.

Then I had 15 more cents and I buyed five sticks of pep'mint candy and give one stick to every one of our family 'cept me and I had two, because I ate the baby's for him.

Then I had 10 more cents and I gave that to a man for the biggest and reddest flower you ever did see. It was in some dirt, and the man said there would some more flowers grow on it, and I gave it to my Grandma, because I love her so much, and that is the end of my 25 cents.

Here is another belated Easter letter. Stephen sent it in time, but it was crowded out at the time it should have appeared. However, Stephen's letters are warranted to keep an indefinite time and be always good and interesting, so we give it to-day:

Well, Merry-Go-Rounds, how many remembered the suggestion for Easter day? Here is mine.

In the first place, it was a beautiful day, the sun shone so brightly it seemed to me that everybody ought to be happy.

Thinking that other members of my family would give the usual Easter card, I put on each breakfast plate a large bear, instead, with a card attached, wishing the receiver a Happy Easter Day.

I tried as the little folks say, to be good myself all day, for I find when we are good everything seems much better to us.

The evening was the best of all to me and the C. E. prayer meeting was the most earnest one I have attended for a long time, but the reason of it all was, I was happy and I honestly tried to make others so, and I am sure others tried the same plan.

We had Emancipation day on the 16th to celebrate, and of course everybody, especially the colored population, turned out. I stopped at a friend's home near Lincoln Park and waited until that branch of the procession had passed before I could again mount my wheel.

Easter Monday was a very pleasant day. We usually have rain either the day before or on that day, but though it was cloudy part of the afternoon, there was no rain. The children enjoyed so much the holiday in the White House grounds, rolling their eggs. The President and Mrs McKinley spent some time on the porch looking on, and seemed to take a lively interest in that which does not. I believe, greet the eye anywhere else as at our national capital.

There is no restriction as to age or color, and it is a beautiful sight at a short distance off—the many colored dresses and ribbons, the flitting to and fro of the happy children.

My St. Bernard dog was lead through the grounds for the children's benefit, and where is the child that does not love a large, beautiful dog, and many were the caresses he received. The Marine band was also there so that the lover of music as well as the egg roller could enjoy a treat.

Rural Maid:—Dear Chaperone and M. G. R.'s, I have long been an appreciative reader of the wise, and otherwise, sayings of this pleasant circle. I admire every one of you, though, of course, I do not agree with every one, that being an impossibility.

Is Sam Igotus dead or only married? Another letter from Sam would "liven up the circle.

Explanations are in order, Sam.

A new member, calling himself Clodhopper, presents as his recommendations for membership, first, he believes in and endeavors to live our motto; does not use intoxicating liquors or tobacco; takes care of his mother and brother, since the death of his father, and has been a reader of the Blade for ten years. Truly a good record and one that will insure him a cordial welcome to our circle.

A modest Violet, from Pennsylvania, tells us that she is preparing herself to be a teacher, and thinks it would help her if she were a member of the M. G. R.'s, besides giving very much to her pleasure. Violets are the favorite flower now-a-days, and we are glad to have them in our company.

A Stranger (who will please send her full name and address to the editor of the M. G. R.'s) sends a question that will bear a good deal of serious thought before it can be answered rightly, and Miss Prudence recommends her girls and boys to look at all sides of it, and then send their answers:

I would like your opinion of good Christian girls associating with a very nice young man, but who is the son of a saloonkeeper.

Dale De Forest gives her ideas on the subject introduced by Em T. Head:

Well, dear M. G. R.'s, I was glad to see such a subject brought up by Em T. Head, "the ostentatious display at funerals." I know of a recent case where there was an extraordinary amount of floral offerings, a small fortune, indeed, was represented, and yet the chief mourner was obliged to go in debt for the necessary expenses of the funeral.

It seems to me that a lavish display of crape, a superabundance of flowers and costly monuments are almost heathenish, when one considers to what infinitely better uses money may be put.

How cruel of N. E. Girl to give us the initials of her club and not tell us what they signify. Does she want to arouse our curiosity and then not gratify it? Perhaps she will tell it to the one who suggests something favorable to occupy the valuable time of the G. I. Y. C. Club, who knows?

Capt. Nemo thinks it a waste of time and money that could be much better invested in caring for the living, to make these costly floral offerings to the dead.

Marion, Mich., I think if we expressed our love for our dear ones while alive, either by words, flowers, or in any manner whatever, it would be much better than making such a display of flowers to show our love for them when the dear faces are still in death.

Why should we be always so afraid to speak a word of love, sympathy or praise to those dearest to us.

I known that many times but a few simple, loving words coming from the heart will make the world seem brighter for many days.

I think two people of different church relations, if they are honest Christians, can live happily together.

Should like to hear more from Jasemine as I am particularly interested in her line of work.

I think the idea of forming a teachers' circle is a good one. Though I am not now a pedagogue, I feel interested in the work and think we might all profit by it.

What has become of Make Haste? I have not noticed anything from his pen for a long time.

Now Make Haste to answer the lady and tell her you intend to do better by the M. G. R.'s than you have for some time past.

Peggie Jane comes from Missouri this morning to ask for the welcome we will surely give to her, and to tell us what she thinks on various subjects:

Dear M. G. R.'s—For some time I have been reading with interest the letters in the M. G. R. column and now come to ask admittance into your circle.

I have been very much interested in the discussion on compulsory education and free text book law, and if it would be proper for a new member to offer any suggestions on so important a question I would like to do so.

I live in one of the most backward spots in Missouri, where little time and thought is given to education. In the country there is seldom more than six months school in a year; as we have neither compulsory education nor free text book law, parents often do not send their children more than two or three weeks in a year, and then without books.

It is really touching to hear them say: "Papa won't buy me books," and see them borrow books at noon, and study while the other children play. Would it not be better to have compulsory education here?

As for the floral offerings. When I think of the money spent for flowers and then of the many hungry children in the world, I think the money could surely be put to better use.

There are many things I would like to say, and many questions I would like to ask, but I am afraid Miss Prudence will turn me away now.

••• OUR YOUNG FOLKS •••

THE NEW UMBRELLA.

Oh, Ella!
With her first umbrella!
She walked abroad like any queen,
She held it proudly for display,
Admired its handle, stroked its sheen,
And never little girl more gay.

Dear Ella!
Such a wee umbrella!
One day upon the market-place
I met her; dripping were her curls.
She looked, despite her sunny face,
The most forlorn of little girls.

"Why Ella!
Where's your new umbrella?"
Said I. "The storm has drenched your head
Just see your frock! just see your shoes!
And what is this you hug with care?—
A broom, a fiddle or a cane?"

Oh, Ella!
With her first umbrella!
She looked at me and shyly spoke,
The rain drops pelting on her hat:
"I have it here beneath my cloak
Because, you see, it might get wet."
—Agnes Lee, in the April St. Nicholas.

HOW MARGERY SAW THE CIRCUS.

MARY ALLAIRE, IN THE OUTLOOK.

Margery was perfectly happy, for her father had said he would take her to the circus when it came to town. For days Margery had insisted on taking her walks when she left the carriage, up and down the main street of the village, that she might see the pictures of the coming glory; fairies in gay dresses that floated like wisps behind them, standing on the backs of plunging horses as easily as Margery stood on the sidewalk; other fairies and knights driving in wagons like tubs on very thick wheels, with the dust rising behind them like flames; elephants that rang bells and sat on enormous stools as if in school; dogs that wore clothes with ease and managed canes; men and women who flew through the air like birds, while lions, tigers, panthers, bears and monkeys seemed to fill the streets, though they were paper and pasted fast to the fence. Margery talked and thought of nothing but the circus. Every doll had been told of those wonderful things in the village over and over again.

"Remember, Margery, you are not to go outside the gate without Mary," said Margery's gentle mamma, who was like a grown-up little girl in spite of her long dresses and her bonnets.

"If you do, Margery, you cannot go to the circus," said Margery's papa, who played ball and tennis and golf, and jumped fences, and rode a bicycle, and looked like a big boy. Margery nodded her head that she understood, and her papa and mamma drove away to the station.

Margery was accustomed to her papa being away every day; she understood that there was somewhere a "business" that he had to watch; it was very mysterious. Margery's mother rarely left her alone, and she and Margery played together like little girls. How long and lonesome the day would be! Margery thought yesterday that it would be perfectly delightful to have a whole day without lessons, but it was very lonely, not at all what she thought it would be. She went up to the play-room and sat down. There was not a sound. At last Margery said:

"I'll play take Alice to the circus." But it sounded as if she had spoken only because she was tired of the silence. Slowly she dressed Alice, putting on all clean clothes, and her best street dress.

"The circus is beautiful, and you will see a great many things—elephants and monkeys from Africa, and tigers from—

from—away off, and people flying right over your head, and dogs that walk"—Margery remembered that dogs walked, but these dogs walked on two legs, so she corrected herself at once. "Fairy ladies going right through rings, and elephants that walk on boards smaller than their feet." Margery sighed, for she realized how very paltry her description was of the wonders she had never seen, and knew only from the pictures on the billboards.

But something strange occurred. Margery walked toward the gate, and—and—she was on the road walking toward the bill-board, and whispering to Alice. "We will not be gone long, we'll hurry," Margery said, as she almost flew over the ground, with Alice in her arms.

"I can only take one doll to the circus, so it is quite fair," and Margery held her head up. "Alice shall see the pictures, and Catherine, because she has lost her foot, shall see the real circus."

But Margery's cheeks were very red, and she did not look toward the window of her mamma's dear friend as she passed.

At last everything was forgotten, as Margery stood in front of the bill-board and explained the marvels to Alice. The wagons and carriages were flying up and down the street, and the men and women who brushed past the little girl were too busy to notice her. She was very warm and tired, for she had walked a long distance for such a little girl. She was thirsty and dusty, and wondered where all the people were who stopped her mamma and talked to her when they drove into town. Nobody knew her, and suddenly Margery thought this a very large, lonesome world, in spite of all the people. She turned to go home, but there were so many corners that she could not decide which way to go. "All roads lead to Rome," quoted Margery. She heard her papa say that, that very morning. She did not know where Rome was, but if all roads led there, why, she could take any road for home. She walked on and on. By and by Margery was so tired she sat down on the grass near a fence. She tried hard not to cry, but the tears would come. Two children, a boy and a girl, passed along, they stopped and looked at her, said: "Cry-baby!" and walked on, looking over their shoulders, and made believe cry. Poor Margery threw herself down on the grass and sobbed. How hungry she was! and, oh! how tired! It was very still, no houses were in sight, and no people passed. At last a kind voice said, "Why, here is a dear little mamma and her child lost!" Margery raised her head, and—there was her mamma's dear friend in her bicycle dress.

"Why, Margery Babbott!" and Margery felt herself loved and kissed and petted, which made her cry the harder. "How shall I get you home, dear? You cannot walk, you are too tired."

"Aunt Molly," as Margery called her, looked up and down the road. "Well, dearheart, we'll wait; somebody will pass."

Presently Margery told the story of desire to show the circus to Alice. Aunt Molly did not say a word. A wagon passed, and Aunt Margery asked the driver to take Margery, herself and the bicycle home. She told him of a back road that would take them home more quickly.

When they reached home the house was locked and fastened, for Mary had found the gate open and Margery gone. Aunt Molly took Margery with her to her home and sent people out to find poor, frightened Mary. She was found at last, and came for Margery. Margery threw her arms around her, saying: "I did not mean to be naughty." Mary was wise and still; she could not speak to the little girl to tell her story over again to Margery told her story over again to Aunt Molly and mamma sitting in her mamma's lap.

Her father asked if she had been good, what he said.

"No, papa," answered Margery and when she looked in his face she knew she would not see the circus. She hid her head in her mamma's neck, and cried as no one had ever heard her. Her father left the room.

The next week the circus came and pitched in the lots down the street from Margery's house. She could see the gleaming tents, and the gilded cages, and the people hurrying twice a day, but Margery got no nearer the circus than the fence that bounded the lot. papa called Margery's playground. The day after the circus left Margery and Catherine, as she walked around the playground, "You did not see it, dear, because I was naughty."

THE ECHO.

A baby's face, with tear wet eyes,
Leaned over a deep curbed well;
"I'd bet you our wit a stick," one cried,
"If only I knew where you fell."

"What is it your doll, my love?" said I.
But she shook her golden head.
"I must det her out wif a great big stone—
It's dear little Echo," she said.

"Dear little Echo, that loves me so,
Now listen, 'I love you,' hear?"
And up from the depths of the deep old well
Came "I love you" in accents clear.

"Echo's a water nymph, my sweet,
And that is her home," said I.
"And if you should bring her up here to live
Why, the poor little thing would die.

"She lives down deep in a crystal cave,
With everything bright and fair."
"Oh, I see, then, she's happy," the baby said,
"And I dess I'll leave her there."—Selected.

Su-Ki and Her Family.

Su-ki is a Japanese pug, born in Japan, but now she is living in America. She had three black and white, soft and woolly puppies, just the kind that Japanese artists draw. Su-ki had an old champagne basket given her for a nest, in which there was room for all. It was placed in a shady corner of the kitchen porch, where Su-ki could look out over the back yard and see the chickens and ducks and the stable.

An old hen had been sitting on some duck's eggs. When the ducklings began to come forth they were carried by Su-ki's owner into the kitchen, where they were placed in a basket by the stove to wait until the old hen was ready with the whole brood. There were two ducklings in the basket; the rest, after all, did not hatch. Two young ducks were thought to be hardly enough for an able-bodied hen to attend to, so she was set to work on a new lot of eggs, while the ducks were kept in the house.

One day the ducklings were missed, and after a search they were found in Su-ki's basket, nestled with the puppies! Su-ki stood over them with an appearance of delight. She seemed very proud of them, and no one disturbed her had placed them there herself. When some one attempted to take them away Su-ki danced around, barking so fiercely that they were put back. At last accounts the pups and the two little orphan ducks were getting on nicely together.—Tappan Adney in "Our Dumb Animals."

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Among the answers received for the questions given in The Blade of May 20, are the following. It is worthy of notice that although the questions were on political subjects, the majority of the answers were from women:

1.—The qualification for voting is as follows: Every male citizen, 21 years of age, who has been a citizen for 30 days, and an inhabitant of this state one year next preceding an election, and for the last four months a resident of the county, and the last 30 days a resident of the election district in which he may offer his vote.

2.—A paper a foreigner gets when he comes to this country if he wants to become a citizen.

3.—The Republican party originated with the Whigs. The Republicans boldly announced opposition to slavery in the territories.

4.—Republican simplicity in all things.

5.—Hobart, leader of the senate, and Reed, leader of the House of Representatives.—Sarah M. Orth.

Naturalization papers are papers given

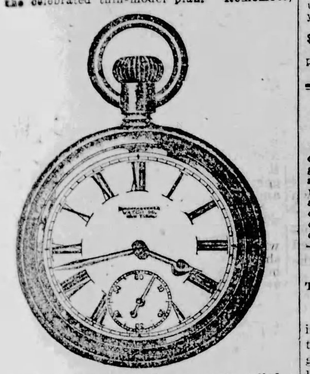
Publishers' Column.

A WATCH FOR EVERYBODY!

A Premium Watch That Breaks the Record—Read Carefully This Offer.

Think of a stem-wind and stem-set watch, guaranteed a perfect timekeeper, that will not cost a cent!

We have secured for our friends one of the most serviceable watches ever made, which is a stem-winder and stem-setter, having all the modern appliances known to watchmakers' art. The case is solid nickel. It is made on the celebrated thin-model plan. Remember,



this is not a small clock, commonly called a watch by unscrupulous advertisers, but a highly jeweled nickel movement, made by one of the most celebrated watch manufacturers in America. It is guaranteed by the manufacturer, and if not found exactly as represented, this guarantee is assumed by us. A watch like this a generation ago would have cost $20, if it could have been produced, but the fact is it contains appliances unknown at that time. Each watch has been thoroughly adjusted, and will be sent in perfect running order.

How to Get It.

We will send this watch by mail to any person who will send us a club of only three $1 yearly subscribers to the Weekly Blade; or we will mail it to you postage prepaid for only $2.

It will be seen, therefore, by the above that no one need be without a watch equal for keeping time to any in the neighborhood a single day longer. It will not take long to get up a club of only three subscribers for the best family newspaper in the United States. Try it and see how easy it is. Address,

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Our latest picture is Sheridan at the Battle of Five Forks, size 10x15 inches, and executed in colors. Price 25 cents. This picture cannot be purchased at an art store for less than 75 cents.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWER PICTURES.

We have just arranged with a large picture publishing house for a limited number of very handsome flower pictures. They are on very heavy paper, 16½x20 inches, and cannot be purchased at any art store for less than $1. These pictures are from the paintings of prominent artists, the work executed by one of the best picture publishing houses in the country, and the coloring is exquisite. When framed and hung on the wall they cannot be distinguished from genuine water color paintings. They must be seen to be appreciated.

We are always seeking for something to please our subscribers, and we believe in these pictures we have secured something that will delight the heart of every lady reader of The Blade.

The subjects are:

No. 1—Roses and Lilacs.
No. 2—American Beauties and Lilacs.
No. 3—Roses and Violets.
No. 4—American Beauties.

We have only a few copies of No. 4. It is a beauty, and if you want it, order quickly.

Our price, 50 cents each, or 85 cents per pair.

Or, if you will remit us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, we will send you any TWO flower pictures FREE.

FAMOUS BATTLE PICTURES.

These pictures are of a high grade, chromo colors, large size (22x28), reproduced from the original oil paintings with wonderful accuracy. We propose to give one picture free, postpaid by mail, to every person sending us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year. If your time expires soon, you can obtain a picture when you renew. If your time expires some time hence, and you want a picture now, send a dollar, let us extend your time a year ahead from date of expiration. Or, get us a new subscriber and we will enter the new name for Blade one year, and send the picture to the remitter, as directed. However, we are confident those who obtain one picture, will want several more, or perhaps all of them. You can obtain them one at a time by sending us new dollar subscribers. Try one of them when you renew.

NOTICE, however, that the above offer is only to those who send us $1 for subscription or renewal after this date.

Here is the list, make your selection from it:

Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.
Battle of Shiloh, Tenn.
Battle of Five Forks, Va.
Battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn.
Battle of The Wilderness, Va.
Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Battle of Champion Hill, Miss.
Battle of Antietam, Md.
Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.
Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge).
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Burning of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and Death of Sitting Bull.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Battle of Corinth, Miss.
Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.
Fort Pillow Massacre, Tenn.
Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.
Battle of Williamsburg, Va.
Fall of Petersburg, Va.
Battle of Opequan or Winchester, Va.

We also add a half dozen celebrated foreign battle pictures:

Battle of Gravelotte.
Battle of Mars-La-Tour.
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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

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And the Weekly Blade One Year for Three Dollars.

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This great Encyclopaedia contains thousands upon thousands of articles, embracing all subjects within the limits of human knowledge in its more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving pointed, practical, explicit and most interesting and instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

M'KINLEY IS CONFIDENT

That the War in Cuba is Nearing the End.

Washington, June 10.—The President is hopeful that the war in Cuba is nearing the end, and went away on his outing in good spirits over the prospect of a gradual and peaceable solution of the most important diplomatic business before the

WILLIAM J. CALHOUN.

administration. This encouragement was due to the conferences held with Special Commissioner Calhoun and to informal information received as to Spain's intention.

Weyler is to be recalled. A new captain general is to be sent to the island. Autonomy is to be offered on a basis much broader than the reforms heretofore announced.

The President questioned Mr. Calhoun as to the effect of the adoption of such a course by Spain. He wanted to know if it would end the war. Mr. Calhoun, in reply, told of conversations had with influential Cubans, and expressed the opinion that some plan of this kind, honestly insuring self-government to Cuba, would be the best solution. He did not favor immediate independence, for the island was not ready for it and would be harmed by it.

The President did not express his opinion, but his questions seemed to indicate that he had formed impressions favorable to autonomy and wished to know if Mr. Calhoun's observations sustained such views. The question of acceptance by the insurgents of this kind of a settlement was discussed. Gomez and some of the leaders have declared they would stop at nothing but independence. Mr. Calhoun believes that sentiment on the island will be so overwhelmingly in favor of peace with autonomy that the few who might be disposed to continue fighting will be forced to yield and accept the terms. Mr. Calhoun told the President that the reforms heretofore proclaimed would not meet the situation; that Spain must grant genuine autonomy if the war is to be ended on this basis.

Two Reports.

It is learned that the department of state is in possession of two distinct reports bearing upon the Ruiz case. They were brought to Washington by Mr. Fishback, the secretary of Mr. Calhoun, and handed to Assistant Secretary Day. One of these reports was made by Consul General Lee and has been fully set out in the newspapers. The other, really the original, was a joint production, signed by Consul General Lee and Dr. Congosto, the Spanish consul at Philadelphia, who with Gen. Lee constituted a special commission to investigate the conditions surrounding the death of Dr. Ruiz.

In this report the two commissioners went as far as they could together, which necessarily confined them to a mere statement of the facts which are not subject to controversy.

Failing to agree upon a statement of the causes which led to Ruiz's death the commissioners signed the document at this point and then by mutual agreement made what may be described as supplemental reports to their own governments, in which they set out statements that they could not agree to include in the original report. The published report of Gen. Lee was one of these supplemental reports and it is probable that the Spanish government has one intended to controvert it made by Dr. Congosto. With all of this literature on the subject in possession of two governments the probabilities of prolonged negotiations are promising.

FLAG DAY.

Stars and Stripes Were Honored Over the Country.

New York, June 14.—To-day is the 116th anniversary of the adoption of the stars and stripes as the national emblem and in accordance with the usual custom school children in many parts of the country are to-day holding commemorative exercises, reviewing the history of the construction of the first flag, and the significance of its three colors, the fixed number of stripes and the present number of stars together with their manner of arrangement upon the blue field.

Patriotic orations are delivered and the children join in the singing of such songs as "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Battle Cry of Freedom." Grand Army posts, Sons of Veterans, Sons of the American Revolution and similar organizations will also celebrate the occasion throughout the afternoon and evening with meetings and banquets.

ALVAN G. CLARK,

Maker of the Great Yerkes Lens, is Dead.

Maker of the Great Yerkes Lens is Dead.

Cambridge, Mass., June 10.—Prof. Alvin G. Clark, the famous telescope lens manufacturer, died at his home here yesterday as the result of a stroke of apoplexy. His latest finished work, the mammoth lens for the Yerkes telescope, was shipped to Chicago a short time ago.

TAXING ALIENS.

New Law Just Passed by Pennsylvania Legislature.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 9.—The senate passed finally the bill which has already gone through the house, taxing each unnaturalized adult male employed in the state two cents a day.

Squirrel's Bite is Fatal.

Wabash, Ind., June 12.—The 3-year old daughter of Noah Sweet, seven miles south of the city, died in great agony yesterday, the result of being bitten by a pet squirrel. While playing with the animal Wednesday it nipped her toe, and blood poisoning ensued the day following.

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE.

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if not doctored too much is not liable to weakness or disease, except in rare cases. It is situated back of and very close to the bladder, therefore any pain, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, set your urine aside for 24 hours; a sediment or settling indicates kidney or bladder trouble. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists 50 cents and $1. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention Weekly Blade and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

CHANGING THEIR VIEWS.

Many Democratic Papers Swinging to Protection.

New York, June 11.—The Sun Says: The officers of the American Protective Tariff League report that there is a very great change rapidly taking place in the Democratic sentiment throughout the country as to a protective tariff. Five years ago, when the Democratic national convention adopted a platform with a plank demanding a tariff for revenue only, the Democratic papers throughout the whole country accepted it as Democratic doctrine, and almost without exception demanded either that sort of a tariff or absolute free trade. No Democratic paper wanted protective tariff literature, and offers of it by the tariff league were replied to in thousands of instances with bitter denunciations and epithets.

The papers stuck to this tariff policy right up to the last campaign, when the tariff was shunted and free silver was made the slogan of the party. Then the change began. It was first noticed by the tariff league people when recently they sent out a circular to a list of newspapers that did not take their literature, offering to send it to them. The sun a week or so ago printed a story giving a lot of the answers sent by the editors of a freak list that was rung in on Deacon Wakeman, the secretary of the league, by one of his typewriters. At that time the answer to the circular sent out to the genuine list had not began to come in. They started just after its publication, and they have been coming since. Up to yesterday the grand total of answers requesting the league to send the literature was 2,537. This, added to the 4,000 and more papers that were already taking the literature, makes nearly 7,000 newspapers throughout the country that are spending the protective tariff doctrine.

The Significance.

But the significance of the change in tariff sentiment is not in the large increase in the list of the papers served. It is in the political predilection of the newspapers. Four hundred and fifty-three of them are straight local Democratic journals and some of them have been out-and-out free-trade advocates. Two hundred and thirty-eight more have been independent in politics and neutral on the tariff question. More significant still is the fact that of the 453 Democratic papers that have come around, 192 are in the South, where the tariff-for-revenue only sentiment was the strongest.

"One exceedingly interesting thing regarding the matter," said Deacon Wakeman, "is that of the 2,500 papers that have answered the circular, fully 90 per cent have had a great deal to say about the money question. Many of the answers say that the editors are for free silver as well as for protection. I can't tell how to account for this unless it is that the hard times have made a lot of people think that nothing but a change will revive things. However, the tariff league does not touch this question at all. Its literature is exclusively about the tariff. The change in sentiment that these letters show is one of the most important things politically that has developed since the campaign. These country newspapers unsually reflect the sentiment of the localities in which they are published, and a change of front of this nature means that there is a great change in the sentiment of the people who support the papers."

The tariff league circular has been out now about three weeks, and at least a thousand more answers are expected by the officers of the league.

GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.

Grain Fields in South Dakota Are Ravaged by the Pest.

Ipswich, S. D., June 12.—Grasshoppers have made their appearance southeast of here in Edmunds county and have destroyed the grain crop in several fields. The state entomologist has been sent for and will visit Ipswich, Major McGlachlin has called a meeting to discuss the situation and decide upon a line of action. The situation is deemed grave enough to call for the most radical remedies obtainable.

St. Paul, Minn., June 12.—Professor Otto Lugger, state entomologist, has been asked to go to South Dakota to inspect several varieties of grasshoppers that have recently put in an appearance there. He could not get away at this time, and so the South Dakota people sent him samples of the bugs. One of the lot is dangerous, says Professor Lugger; the other two are not. The one belongs to the Rocky Mountain family that devasted this section in 1873 and 1874, destroying all sorts of vegetation. He does not feel, however, that there is any danger of a plague this year. He sent the South Dakota people a full line of grasshopper pamphlets and a couple of "hopperdozers," which latter, he says, will exterminate the pest if used soon. The season is early and there is plenty of time to kill the bugs.

FIFTY-NINE STORIES.

Plans for a Mammoth Building in Gotham.

New York, June 11.—Architect George Sage is preparing plans for a 59-story office and studio building to be erected in the centeral part of the city. The estimated cost of the building will be from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000, which will be furnished by a syndicate of Englishmen who want to own the highest building in the world. The dimensions of the foundation will be about 300 feet square. Above the first two floors the building will be composed of as light material as possible. There will be five elevators, which will run through the center of the building. Water for the upper floors will be forced by means of pumps in the basement. The building will also have its own fire department.

Victory for Women.

Atlanta, Ga., June 11.—Chancellor W. E. Boggs, of the University of Georgia, in a report made to the board of trustees at Athens recommends the admission of women to the university on an equality with the men. It is not known what action the trustees will take.

Tobacco Trial Again Postponed.

New York, June 9.—The work of getting a jury for the trial of the officers of the American Tobacco Co., indicted for conspiracy, was continued to-day in the court to general sessions. Four jurors were secured.

M'KINLEY AT NASHVILLE.

Governor Bushnell at Head of Buckeye Parade.

Nashville, Tenn., June 11.—This is Ohio Day at the exposition, and large delegations of police, militia, members of secret orders and general visitors are here from Cincinnati, Toledo, Columbus and Cleveland, as well as the smaller cities of the Buckeye state.

At 10:30 the President and party, accompanied by Governor Bushnell and his staff were escorted to the Centennial grounds. The escort also included Governor Taylor and staff, United States and Tennessee regulars. At 11 o'clock in the Auditorium, addresses of welcome were delivered by President Thomas, Mayor McCarty and Governor Taylor, and responses were made by Senator Clark, of the Ohio commission; Governor Bushnell and President McKinley.

McKinley's Address.

The President said: "Officers of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Ladies and Gentlemen: American nationality compared with that of Europe and the East is still very young, and yet already we are beginning to have age enough for centennial anniversaries in states other than the original thirteen. Such occasions are always interesting, and, when celebrated in a practical way, are useful and instructive. Combining retrospect and review they recall what has been done by state and nation and point out what yet remains for both to accomplish in order to fulfill their highest destiny.

"This celebration is of general interest to the whole country and of special significance to the people of the South and West. It marks the end of the first century of the state of Tennessee and the close of the first year of its second century. One hundred and one years ago this state was admitted into the Union as the sixteenth member in the great family of American commonwealths. It was a welcome addition to the national household—a community young, strong and sturdy with an honored and heroic ancestry, with fond anticipations not only of its founders but faith in its success on the part of far-seeing and sagacious statesmen in all parts of the country. I am justified in saying that these anticipations have been grandly realized, that the present of this community of sterling worth is even brighter than prophets of the past had dared to forecast it.

"The builders of the state, who had forced their way through the trackless forests of this splendid domain, brought with them the same high ideals and fearless devotion to home and country founded on resistance to oppression, which have everywhere made illustrious the Anglo-American name. Whether it was the territory of Virginia or that of North Carolina mattered little to them. They came willing and eager to fight for independence and liberty, and in the war of the Revolution were ever loyal to the standard of Washington. When their representatives served in the colonial assembly of North Carolina they chose—for the first time in our country, so far as I know—the great name of Washington for the district in which they lived, and at the close of the revolution sought to organize their territory into a state, to be known as the state of Franklin, in grateful homage to the name of another of its most distinguished patriot commoners.

Spain had sought to possess their territory by right of discovery as a part of Florida. France claimed it by right of cession as a part of Louisiana, and England as hers by conquest. But neither contention could for an instant be recognized. Moved by the highest instincts of self-government and the loftiest motives of patriotism, under gallant old John Sevier, at King's Mountain, your forefathers bravely vindicated their honor and gloriously won their independence.

Wonderful History.

"Thus came the new state, second only then of the now mighty West and Southwest. And it has made a wonderful history for itself. Tennessee has sometimes been called the 'Mother of Southwestern statesmen.' It furnished us the immortal Jackson, whose record in war and whose administration in peace as the head of the great republic shine on with the advancing years. The century has only added to the lustre of his name, increased the obligations of his countrymen, and exalted him in their affection. Polk and Johnson also were products of this great state, and many more heroes of distinguished deeds whose names will come unbidden to your memories while I speak.

"Tennesseans have been volunteer, not drafted, patriots. In 1846, when 2,400 soldiers were called for 30,000 loyal Tennesseans offered their services, and amid the trials and terrors of the great civil war, under conditions of peculiar distress and embarassment, her people divided on contending sides. But upon whichever side found they fought fearlessly to death and gallant sacrifices, happily, there are no contending sides in this glorious commonwealth or in any part of our common country. The men who opposed each other in dreadful battle a third of a century ago are once more and forever united together under one flag in a never-to-be-broken Union.

"The glory of Tennessee is not alone in the brilliant names it has contributed to history or the heroic patriotism displayed by the people in so many crises of our national life, but its material and industrial wealth, social advancement and population are striking and significant in their growth and development. Thirty-five thousand settlers in this state in 1790 had increased to 1,109,000 in 1860, and to-day it has a population closely approximating 2,000,000. Its manufactures, which in 1850 were small and unimportant, in 1890 had reached $72,000,000 in value, while its farm products now aggregate more than $62,000,000 annually. Its river commerce on three great international waterways, its splendid railways operating nearly three thousand miles of road, its mineral wealth of incalculable value, are a splendid augury for the future. I am sure no better workmen could be found than the people of Tennessee to turn these confident promises into grand realities.

Exposition Praised.

"Your exposition shows better than any words of mine can tell the details of your wealth of resources and power of production. You have done wisely in exhibiting these to your own people and to your sister states, and at no time could the display be more effective than now, when what the country needs more than all else is restored confidence in itself. This exposition demonstrates directly your own faith and purpose and signifies in the widest sense your true and unfailing belief in the irrepressible pluck of the American people, and is a promising indication of the return of American prosperity.

"The knowledge which this beautiful and novel exposition gives will surely stimulate competition, develop your trade, increase your output, enlarge your fields of employment, extend your markets, and so eventually pay for all it cost, as well as justify local sentiment and encourage state pride.

"Men and women I see about me from all parts of the country, and thousands more will assemble here before the exposition is closed. Let ourselves and let them always remember that whatever differences about politics may have existed, or still exist, we are all Americans before we are partisans, and value the welfare of all the people above party or section. Citizens of different states, we yet love all the states. The lesson of the hour, then, is this—that whatever adverse conditions may temporarily impede the pathway of our national progress, nothing can permanently defeat it."

Luncheon followed the delivery of the addresse. This afternoon at 5 o'clock, the President, Mrs. McKinley and the accompanying ladies of the party will hold a reception for ladies in the woman's building.

CHRISTOPHER REMOVED.

The Famous $50,000 Chicago Statue Taken Down.

Chicago, June 14.—The work of removing the big bronze statue of Christopher Columbus, which was erected on the lake front during the World's Columbian Exposition, was begun Saturday. The statue cost $50,000 in 1892. It may be put in the city junk pile.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BARNATO A SUICIDE.

Tragic End of the African Diamond King.

London, June 15.—The officials of the Union Steamship Company, to which the steamer Scot belongs, confirm the announcement made last night in a special dispatch from Funchal, Island of Madeira, that Barney Barnato, the South American "diamond king" committed suicide by jumping overboard while that vessel was on her way from Cape Town, which port she left on June 2, for Southampton via Funchal.

The death of Barney Barnato has caused a sensation in financial circles. His office here was besieged this morning by hundreds of eager enquirers and even then his firm had not received confirmation of the news.

Throgmorton street was filled with excited crowds of brokers discussing the news of Barnato's death. His self-destruction is generally supposed to have been the outcome of his recent illness at the Cape, which, according to rumors on the stock exchange, was in the nature of brain trouble.

The African market, as a result of the death of Barnato, was depressed to-day. Barnato consolidated was ⅝ lower, Johannesburg investment went down ¼, Chartered company's securities fell ⅛, De Beers mines went down 5-16 and Rand mines were ⅜ lower.

The Pall Mall Gazette this afternoon commenting on the death of Barney Barnato, says he has been mentally unwell for about three months past and that he has been under constant surveillance.

Barnato boarded the steamship Scot at Cape Town on the 2d of June. Nothing unusual was noticed in his demeanor, save that at times he suffered from fits of depression. But the other passengers attributed these attacks to his ill state of

BARNEY BARNATO.

health. All apparently went well until the ship was nearing the equator, when the oppressive heat had more serious effects on Barnato. Then one day he plunged into the sea, and a meteoric career was ingloriously ended.

It was supposed that Barnato was the richest man in the world. His wealth at one time was estimated at $100,000,000, but there were many who doubted that all his stocks and properties possessed this intrinsic value.

However that may be, the Transvaal raid made a huge hole in his estate. The depression that it exerted on the stock market, and the expense to which it put Barnato affected both his rocket and his health, and the result was an attack of sickness which at the time threatened his life, and finally ended in suicide.

How He Started.

Barnato was born in London. Little is known as to his early life except that he secured his instruction from a private tutor. He was a younger son and at the age of 20 went to South Africa to seek his fortune. The Kimberly diamond mines were just beginning to be productive. With his few pounds of capital he began dealing in diamonds in a small way. In five years he had just earned enough in the retail sale of diamonds to purchase shares in the mines from which his merchandise had come. Before another five years had elapsed his holdings at Kimberly had become very large and when the Transvaal gold fields were discovered he had profits to invest in them.

In 1890, Barnato was a definite money power in South Africa and began to be spoken of as the rival of Cecil Rhodes. Unlike in temperament and even more unlike in personal ambition, the two men started in to be hot opponents, but in 1888 they reached the conclusion simultaneously that their respective interests could be best promoted by combining forces and the De Beers consolidated mines were the result, one of the most valuable pieces of property of the kind in the world.

While in Africa he married and had three children, two sons and a daughter. He always had or professed to have boundless faith in the future of the Transvaal and his personal popularity among all classes of Afrikanders was very great. In London, where he was constantly besieged by datterers, beggars and projectors of all sorts, he finally became quite inaccessible to all except his most intimate friends.

Barnato took a prominent part in the complications immediately following the Jameson raid and at the very height of the crisis had an important interview with President Kruger in regard to the grievances of the Uitlanders which was believed at the time to have mollified the harsh feeling of the Transvaal executive toward the raiders. He subsequently subscribed $20,000 to the fund which paid off the fines.

TROUBLE IN INDIA.

Rebellious Natives Make Desperate Attack on Soldiers.

Bombay, June 11.—A dispatch received here from Simla, the residence of the Indian government officials during the heated periods of the year, announces serious trouble on the northern frontier and the massacre of a number of British officers and native soldiers in the government employ. From the particulars obtainable at present it seems that two guns belonging to a Bombay mounted battery escorted by 300 men belonging to the First regiment of Sikhas and the First Punpab infantry were treacherously attacked in the Tochi valley by a large force of hostile natives.

The first report said that Col. Bunny, two officers and 25 privates had been killed and that three officers and 25 men had been wounded. In addition, numbers of mules and horses are reported killed.

Indications are that the affair is more than a mere conflict with warlike natives, and that the notorious Mullah of Powindah is at the bottom of the trouble. The latest advices are that a political officer, Mr. McGee, was visiting Shirani with an escort of troops, when he was attacked at Maiza by vastly superior forces. The British troops were compelled to retreat and were followed for several miles by overwhelming numbers of the enemy. The fighting was desperate. All the British officers were severely wounded. Captain Browne, of the First Sikhas, a son of the late Sir James Browne, and Lieut. Crookshank, of the Royal Artillery, were killed, and Surgeon Higginson, Lieut. Higginson of the First Sikhas, and Lieut. Seaton-Browne, of the Punjab Infantry, were wounded. The second dispatch does not mention the death of Col. Bunny, but from the fact that it says that Col. Gray, from Miranshah, has taken over the command of the British force engaged, it is inferred that Col. Bunny is also among the dead, as at first announced.

Tochi Valley lies north of Gumal and on the road to Ghuzni and Waziristan. It has been controlled by the British since the delimitation of the Indo-Afghan frontier, but the tribes there have always been turbulent, and fear is felt lest the other tribes rise against the British.

The Mullah of Powindah is well known to the British Indian authorities. He is a notorious fanatical priest, and has always been hostile to British influence. Owing to an attempt which the Mullah recently made to stir up a rebellion, he was expelled from British territory. This caused him to be deserted by his own people and he has since lived in Afghanistan and is understood to have been actively plotting against the British. He took part in the attack upon the British camp at Wano, in November, 1894.

SEISMIC SHOCKS.

Much Damage Was Done by Earthquake in India.

Calcutta, June 14.—Later reports increase the gravity of the earthquake shock at Saturday last in this city and its vicinity. An extensive area was affected, causing much misery among many of the poor Europeans, Eureasians and natives.

The shocks were felt at Simla, Agra, Bombay, Manipur and at many places far down the central provinces. An immense amount of damage was done at Hooghley, Burdwan and Dacca, where several persons were killed, and at Gopalpoor Patna, Ransgani, Bankipoor, Balasor, Mazaffarpoor and Monghyr. A terrific shock was experienced at Darjiling, where many houses were destroyed. Traffic on the Eastern Bengal railroad is interrupted. Bridges have been damaged and a train was overturned on the Assam-Bengal line. The ground opened at Manipur and the town of Kohima, north of Manipur, was severely damaged.

SULTAN IS OBSTINATE.

Will Claim Thessaly by Right of Ottoman Blood Spille.

Constantinople, June 9.—It is expected that strong pressure will be needed to overcome the resistance of the Turkish government to the retrospection of Thessaly. Reports that Great Britain is opposing, on religious grounds, Turkey's retention of Thessaly are being circulated here with the view of exciting Mussulman fanaticism.

In a memorandum submitted to the Turkish government the powers propose that the crests of the mountains on the Greek frontier be occupied by Turkish instead of Greek troops, and also that the indemnity be in proportion to the resources of Greece. It is further proposed to modify the capitulation, or special privileges, enjoyed by Greek subjects in Turkey with the view of abolishing certain abuses which have been the subject of complaint upon the part of the Turks. The two latter questions will be entrusted to a commission of experts and the delimitating of the frontier will be executed by an international military commission.

The dispatch of attaches of the British, Russian and Italian embassies to Thessaly with instructions to report upon the situation there is due to the reports in circulation that the Turkish irregulars have committed excesses in Thessaly where many villages are said to have been destroyed by them.

FIGHT FOR EXISTENCE

Likely to Be Indulged in Before the War is Ended.

London, June 9.—It is believed by many at Athens that Greece may yet have to fight for her very existence. Already there are reports that the Turks have advanced in the Agrapha district, occupied several villages and are still advancing toward the town of Agrapha. Greece has protested to the powers against this violation of the armistice.

The Greek newspapers all publish the statement by Gen. Miles that the positions at Thermopylae are impregnable.

Advices from Constantinople are equally pessimistic.

It is alleged that Tewfik Pasha, at Saturday's meeting of the council of ministers, announced that Shiek Ul-Islam had issued a fetva declaring the country once acquired by a sacrifice of Ottoman blood can not, under the Ottoman law, be surrendered. If this be true it will require a good deal of persuasion to induce the sultan to retire from Thessaly.

A dispatch to the Daily Chronicle from Constantinople says it is rumored that stormy scenes have taken place during the sessions of the peace conference, and that German obstruction has provoked lively indignation among a majority of the ambassadors.

WON'T YIELD IT.

Sultan Says It is Impossible to Evacuate Thessaly.

London, June 11.—The Constantinople correspondent of the Standard says:

When Tuesday's conference was ended the sultan summoned his ministers to a special council at Yildiz Kiosk which sat until 2 o'clock in the morning of Wednesday. The decision arrived at was that the evacuation of Thessaly was impossible, but that there was no necessity for precipitate action. Being in possession, the porte it was argued, was able to wait patiently and even indefinitely while discussing academically point after point with the powers. It was also decided to continue actively the preparations of war.

TRAIN DYNAMITED.

Scientific Appliances Used With Deadly Effect.

Havana, via Key West, Fla., June 10.—The passenger train which left Havana for Matanzas was dynamited yesterday morning about twelve miles from the city by a party of insurgents. According to the official account, the object was plunder, as about $6,000 was in the express car.

The officials had ordered the passenger train to go ahead and a pilot engine to follow. At a bend in the line a terrible explosion completely wrecked the passenger engine, which fell into a pit 29 feet below, dragging three third-class cabs after it. At the same moment another explosion wrecked the pilot engine, and it also fell into the pit. Both engineers, one fireman, one conductor and seven soldiers were killed and three passengers were severely injured, while thirty-two suffered more or less serious bruises. Simultaneously with the explosion the insurgents opened fire on the train, seriously wounding a captain.

The two trains were dynamited with electric machines and bombs placed in a culvert at the curve. The body of an insurgent was found lying near the wire communicating with the bombs. It is supposed he was killed by the shock. The military escort of the train quickly recovered and opened fire upon the insurgents, who advanced toward the cars and drove them off.

Captain General Weyler is personally inquiring into the question which has arisen as to the expulsion of many political leaders, and is extending to a majority what his press censor, Lieut. Col. Basan, calls a "generous pardon."

CISNEROS IS ALIVE.

Spanish Reports to the Contrary Are False.

New York, June 12.—Among the passengers who landed in New York to-day on the steamer Valencia, from Cuban ports via Nassau, N. P., was Dr. H. W. Danforth, of Milwaukee, Wis., who for the past 15 months has been the personal physician of the president of the Cuban republic, Salvador Cisneros, the Marquis of Santa Lucia. The doctor is in the United States on six months leave of absence, having left Cuba in a 16-foot open boat on May 29 for the island of New Providence. After much suffering and exposure he reached Nassau, and there awaited the arrival of the Valencia. According to Spanish reports, President Cisneros died in February last, and this "news" was semi-officially confirmed in March last. But Dr. Danforth was with the president as late as April 6, last, and had in his possession a letter which he showed to the representative of the Associated Press dated April 29 from the President. The latter is not only not dead, but when Dr. Danforth left him he was full of quiet enthusiasm and animated by the most confident feeling for the eventual success of the Cuban cause.

Questioned as to the seat of the government of the Cuban republic Dr. Danforth said it was at Agura, province of Puerto Principe, where the insurgents have erected a capitol. The president, however, is not now at Agura, but is in the province of Santiago de Cuba.

Dr. Danforth was asked to express an opinion as to the numerical strength of the Cuban insurgents, being informed that late advices from Cuba placed the number at 8,000 men. He said:

"It is difficult, if not impossible, to arrive at a correct estimate. But, you can say that the Cubans for a certainty have at least 20,000 to 25,000 men to-day armed and in good shape. The Cubans have not been idle during the last few years, and have been importing arms and ammunition right along. In brief the Cubans are fighting a desperate fight and are in a good condition to continue it. The Spaniards are also engaged in a desperate contest, but they are exhausted, or almost so."

TOWNS DEPOPULATED.

Thousands Perishing From Famine and Plague.

Vancouver, B. C., June 10.—Advices by the steamer Empress of Japan, says:

The fatality from famine and plague in China is appalling. The famine north and east of Szechuan is causing many deaths. A traveler who has just returned from there, reports having seen numbers of dead bodies lying about unattended to. In one large town half the population had perished from starvation and the fever that follows in its wake.

The government has sent 120,000 picules of rice by way of relief, but grain cannot be got to the sufferers beyond certain parts owing to sections made impassible by swollen rivers. Along the route to smaller towns numbers of bodies lay decomposing, while the sky was black with vultures.

Smallpox is prevalent in Tocchu, ten or twelve new cases being reported daily. Smallpox and other epidemics are very prevalent in Tokio, while 200 more cases of black plague are reported from Taihoku and Tai-Wan, Formosa. There are some 850 cases altogether.

Rumors are in circulation in Peking and Shanghai that the Chinese government is anxious to get rid of the Japanese garrison at Wei Wei and have decided to negotiate another loan to raise sufficient money to pay off the war indemnity at once.

A HUNDRED BURNED

In a Chinese Temple Dedicated to the Queen of Heaven.

Tacoma, Wash., June 11.—More than a hundred persons perished at Tien Tsin, China, late steamer reports indicate, in the burning of a temple dedicated to the queen of heaven. A festival was in progress and the edifice was crowded, mostly with women and children.

Famous Chemist Dead.

Wiesbaden, June 11.—Prof. Fresenius, the well-known chemist, is dead from an apoplexic stroke. He was born in 1818 at Frankfort-on-the-Main. He was made professor of chemistry at the institution here in 1845, and founded a laboratory which has resulted in great developments, particularly of an industrial and agricultural nature.

Another Daughter.

St. Petersburg, June 10.—Noon.—The Czarina has just been delivered of a daughter at the Peterhof.

The first child of their majesties, born November 3, 1895, is also a daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga.

FOR MEN'S TROUBLES

FREE CURE THAT A MICHIGAN MAN IS OFFERING.

Wants Other Men to Benefit by His Experience.

From Kalamazoo, Mich., where the finest of nerve-bracing celery is shipped to all parts of the world, comes the report of a cure for men's

WASHINGTON.

TREATY PREPARED

For the Annexation of Hawaii to United States.

Washington, June 14.—A draft of a treaty for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States is being prepared by Judge Day, the assistant secretary of state, and Mr. Hatch, the Hawaiian minister in Washington.

It will be presented to President McKinley for approval soon after he returns to the city.

It does not follow, however, that it will immediately be sent to the senate. On the contrary, the President will adhere to his determination not to complicate the tariff situation by the introduction of any foreign questions.

The fact that a treaty was actually being drafted has not been known outeside of the state department and the Hawaiian legation until to-day.

The President has not yet committed himself definitely on the Hawaiian question, but he has given the impression that he is favorable to annexation. Should he decide to send the treaty to the senate during the present session of congress it will be ready. Should he determine to delay action the whole matter will be laid aside until congress reassembles in December.

Acute Diplomatic Relations.

The acute situation in the diplomatic relations between Hawaii and Japan is what has brought the annexation question to the front at this time. The Japanese minister at Honolulu recently delivered what is equivalent to an ultimatum to the Hawaiian government, demanding that it should "recognize the principle of monetary liability" in the matter of the exclusion of the Japanese immigrants. The Hawaiian government refused to admit its liability.

It fears that Japan might repeat at Honolulu the action of Great Britain at Corinto, in Nicaraugua, in taking possession of the port and holding it until her demand for indemnity was satisfied.

All these facts have been communicated to Assistant Secretary Day, and that official is preparing for any action the administration may desire to take in the event of a crisis.

Diplomatists here are fully aware of the shrewdness of the Hawaiian agents in taking advantage of this situation. The Hawaiian government has not asked the United States to use its good offices in settling this complication. It prefers, to use these circumstances as the strongest argument it can advance to induce the United States to annex the islands.

Lines of the Treaty.

The draft of the treaty is being prepared on the lines of the treaty negotiated by Secretary Foster in the closing days of the Harrison administration. This treaty provided for the complete surrender of sovereignty over the islands to the United States: the cession of all public buildings and lands to this government; the enactment by congress of a suitable territorial form of government; the prohibition of further immigration of Chinese laborers into the Hawaiian islands; the assumption of the Hawaiian debt by the government of the United States, and the payment of a pension to ex-Queen Liliuokalani, and of $15,000 to Princess Kaiulani.

The proposed new treaty will not contain any provision for a pension to the late queen or a gift of money to the princess, but it will probably be provided that the princess shall receive a pension out of the territorial revenues. It is interesting to know that the proposition to pension ex-Queen Liliuokalani did not come from the Hawaiian commissioners, but was suggested by the then Secretary of State Foster. The same is true in regard to the gift of money to Princess Kaiulani.

Feeling in the Senate.

Washington, June 14.—Several Senators have received definite information concerning the existence of the treaty and are well acquainted with its terms though they refuse to discuss the matter, having received the information in confidence. The knowledge of the existence of the treaty has been communicated to members of the committee on foreign relations and also to members of the finance committee. In the Republican caucuses the subject of the treaty had been hinted at, but in rather a vague manner. Senators asserted that there were in progress negotiations looking to annexation, but they would not aver that they knew a treaty had been drawn, nor would they give any assurances that it would soon be sent to the Senate. In private conversation with other Senators, however, they gave information that was definite enough to satisfy those with whom they talked that the treaty was not only to be sent in, but that it was now already drawn and only waiting the signatures of the officers of the two governments to complete it. It is known that the approval of the committee on foreign relations is assured as eight members of the committee have approved its terms. These will enable the committee to speedily report the treaty to the Senate so that it may be taken up immediately after the tariff bill is disposed of.

The Senate has been canvassed to a certain extent by Senators favoring annexation and while there are some Senators who are non-committal, the supporters of the proposition say they believe that they can count upon the two-thirds vote necessary to insure ratification.

The especial friends of the President about the Senate say that the treaty has been made in accordance with his views and that it would have been sent in some time ago, but for his exactions as to details.

DUTY ON COTTON.

It is Incorporated in the Senate Tariff Bill.

Washington, June 9.—By the decisive vote of 42 to 19 the Senate yesterday adopted an amendment to the tariff bill placing raw cotton, the great product of the South, on the dutiable list at 20 per cent. ad valorem. It is the first time in the history of tariff legislation that a duty on cotton has been incorporated in a bill. The amendment was proposed by Mr. Bacon, Dem., of Georgia, on his individual responsibility and without the approval of the finance committee, which thus far has been requisite to the success of every amendment except a minor one which went through by default.

The amendment led to a spirited debate. Democratic senators disclosing a wide difference of views and at times exchanging sharp personal criticisms. The debate on cotton took up the most of the day, and but little progress was made upon the bill. Early in the day the sugar schedule was passed over and the agricultural was taken up. The paragraph on cattle went over, but the balance of the agricultural schedule, up to and including paragraph 228, was agreed to as reported, all amendments, except that of Mr. Bacons', being rejected.

BEER AND TEA

Will Be Withdrawn From the Senate Tariff Bill.

Washington, June 10.—The Republican members of the finance committee will withdraw the amendments for an additional tax on beer and for the duty of ten cents a pound on tea. In explanation of this a member of the finance committee said that pressure for the withdrawal of these amendments has been very great and that many Republican Senators have made decided stands against them. The formal action of the committee on the subject has not been taken but the determination has been reached. The members of the committee are still in doubt as to what shall be done with increases on tobacco in the internal revenue part of the bill, but there has been great pressure to have these taxes reduced.

The question of revenue is giving the committee considerable concern, and if there would be a withdrawal of the increases on tobacco as well as those on beer and tea, the bill would not meet the needs of the government as a revenue producer. For this reason it has been practically determined to make a bank check stamp tax, and the question of additional revenue by means of a system of stamp taxes on beer has been under consideration. The committee is considering these questions and endeavoring to meet them as they proceed.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

INCREASED IMPORTS.

Foreign Trade as Affected by Tariff Law.

Washington, June 15.—If any evidence were needed to prove that the exports from foreign countries to the United states had largely increased in anticipation of the passage of the Dingley tariff bill, it is supplied by the consular reports now being received at the State Department. To-day a report was received from William F. Grinnell, United States consul at Manchester, England, showing the exports from that port to the United States during the months of March, April, and May, 1897, as compared with those of the corresponding months of last year. The figures, startling in their suggestiveness, are as follows:

March, 1896, $1,106,823.92; 1897, $1,001,680.37; April, 1896, $829,053.75; 1897, $1,819,383.75; May, 1896, $878,657.53; 1897, $1,059,315.59. Total, 1896, $2,809,535.20; 1897, $3,880,379.69.

This statement shows a total increase of the exports to this country from a single English port of $1,070,844.49, an amount greater than the total exports from the same port during any of the months named for last year.

Iring B. Richman, United States consul general to Switzerland, in a similar report covering the same periods, received at the State Department to-day, says that the total exportations from St. Gall, Switzerland, for the three motuhs in 1896, aggregated $1,035,523.46; and for the three months in 1897 they aggregated $1,406,753.33; an increase over last year of $371,229.87. And this great increase was from a single Swiss town in three months.

SENATE THIS WEEK.

The Sugar Schedule is Still Under Debate.

Washington, June 14.—The sugar schedule of the tariff bill is expected to continue to be the subject of consideration in the Senate for the next day or two. The Hawaiian treaty and anti-trust amendments are still to be disposed of, and both will excite considerable debate. With the sugar question settled the agricultural schedule which has been partially considered, will be again taken up and will in time be followed by the tobacco schedule if in the meantime the Republicans agree upon its provisions. The Republican managers also hope to dispose of the spirit and cotton schedules during the week and possibly to make some progress with the hemp and flax provisions. There will be no great amount of debate on either cotton or spirits.

There was at one time talk of an attempt to add compensatory duties on cotton goods because of the duty fixed on raw cotton, but this is understood to have been abandoned, if ever seriously contemplated. The Democrats do not find the present schedule objectionable except in minor details and will allow it to go through with but little discussion. The Republican managers now hope that the debate in the Senate will be concluded within the next two weeks, notwithstanding that less than one-third of the bill has been gone over. They have secured an agreement with the Democrats that the sessions shall begin at 11 o'clock each day instead of 12 after Wednesday next.

NOMINATIONS.

Washington, June 9.—The President to-day sent the following nominations to the senate:

To be envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary of the United States —Henry L. Wilson, of Washington, to Chili; William F. Powell, of New Jersey, to Hayti; John G. A. Leishman, of Pennsylvania, to Switzerland; John F. Gowey, of Washington, to be consul general at Kanagawa, Japan.

To be assistant appraisers of merchandise—Michael J. Brown, in the District of Philadelphia; Fred P. Vincent, in the district of Philadelphia.

To be deputy auditor—Robert S. Person, of South Dakota, for the Interior department; Daniel A. Grosvenor, of Maryland, for the War department.

Washington, June 9.—The President yesterday sent the following nominations to the senate:

Frank A. Leach, of California, to be superintendent of the mint, San Francisco.

William N. Lynch, of Louisiana, to be assayor of the mint at New Orleans.

Henry M. Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, to be assistant attorney general.

John M. Barnes, of Georgia, to be marshal of the Southern district of Georgia.

War—Sergeant T. M. Anderson, jr., Fourth cavalry, to be second lieutenant; Corporal J. E. Hunt, Eighth cavalry, to be second lieutenant; Second Lieutenant V. A. Caldwell, Twenty-fifth infantry, to be first lieutenant.

Washington, June 10.—The President to-day nominated Maurice D. O'Connell, sr., of Iowa, to be solicitor of the treasury and Wm. M. Griffiths, of Arizona Territory, to be marshall for the territory of Arizona.

TEST VOTE ON SUGAR.

Republicans Carried Through the New Tariff Schedule.

Wsahington, June 12.—The first test vote on the sugar schedule was taken in the Senate late yesterday, resulting in the adoption of the Republican caucus amendment changing the House rate of 1.95 per pound, by the close vote of 32 yeas, 30 nays. It was the closest vote thus far taken on an issue of importance and was accepted as showing that any amendment having the sanction of the caucus was assured of adoption.

The vote was taken after a day spent in speeches on the effect of the sugar schedule. The main speech came from Mr. Allison, in charge of the bill, and was in the nature of an answer to the charge made against the sugar schedule as a whole and a defense of it.

Mr Gorman and Mr. White, if California, Mr. Caffery and Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, also spoke, the three former against and the latter for the pending schedule after which the vote was taken, as follows:

Yeas—Allison, Burrows, Carter, Cullom, Davis, Deboe, Elkins, Fairbanks, Foraker, Frye, Gallinger, Hanna, Hansbrough Hawley, Hoar, Jones (Nev.), McBride, McEnery, McMillan, Mason, Nelson, Perkins, Platt (Conn.), Pritchard, Proctor, Sewell, Shoup, Spooner, Stewart, Wellington, Wetmore and Wilson—32.

Nays—Bacon, Bate, Berry, Butler, Caffery, Chilton, Clay, Cockrell, Daniel, Faulkner, Gorman, Gray, Heitfeld, Jones (Ark.), Kyle, Lindsay, Mallory, Mantle, Mills, Mitchell, Morgan, Pasco, Pettigrew, Pettus, Roach, Tillman, Turpie, Vest, Walthall and White—30.

The first paragraph of the sugar schedule was not finally disposed of up to the time of adjournment.

CUBAN AFFAIRS

Soon to Receive Attention From the President.

Washington, June 12.—It is understood among members of Congress that, shortly after his return from Nashville, the President will send to Congress a message urging action with reference to the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. Senator Frye, of Maine, said yesterday that he had no doubt that the President would send in such a message, and he felt satisfied that the Senate, at least, would act favorably and with reasonable promptness on the matter.

One result of such a message would be to smooth out the wrinkles in the pending tariff bill caused by the discussion of the abrogation of the Hawaiian treaty. It would really make the passage of the pending measure easy so far as that feature of it is concerned.

A stumbling block which has appeared in the pathway of all propositions hitherto made for the annexation of Hawaii has been the seeming necessity of placing the ex-Queen and Princess Kaiolani on the pension rolls of this country. The suggestion of such a pension was and is repugnant to the American people. It is said now, however, that instead of granting them pensions, this country will purchase outright what are known as the crown lands in Hawaii. The purchase price will make the ex-Queen and Princess Kaiolani financially independent and will, at the same time be just and satisfactory to all concerned.

It is not expected that any definite action will be taken on the question by Congress at the present session; but the initial steps toward annexation may be taken, and by the time Congress convenes in regular session next December a treaty of annexation may be ready for ratification by the Senate.

GUN COTTON EXPLODES.

The Awful Concussion Shakes a Whole State.

Washington, June 10.—The whole state of Maryland trembled yesterday afternoon as the result of an explosion of 330 pounds of gun cotton at the government proving grounds at Indian head.

A 12-inch breech loading rifle, weighing 101,000 pounds and worth $25,000, was blown to pieces. The armor-covered "bomb proof," in which the spectators take refuge while tests are made, was partly wrecked and a dozen naval officers and ordnance experts narrowly escaped with their lives.

The final test was being made of a gun cotton shell, invented by Louis Gathmann, of Chicago, and through some unaccountable error the shell exploded in the gun, wrecking the monster and its carriage and throwing some of the pieces more than a mile down the Potomac.

The injury to the "bomb proof" and other buildings around the proving grounds is about $10,000. The gun which was blown up, as originally designed, was to cost $40,000, but it had not been completed when the shot was fired, and only represented about $20,000 or $25,000. This sum added to the cost of the various experiments with the Gathmann shell makes a neat total and exhausts the sum set aside by Congress for the tests.

It transpires that the escape of the party of 10 or 15 ordnance officers and spectators aboard the tug Triton was almost miraculous. It was said last night that an enormous piece of the gun had struck the water within 100 feet of this tug, though it was a mile away from the scene of the explosion. Several men who were aboard the tug said to-day that the piece struck within 25 feet of the tug and that it splashed water over those aboard and made a tremendous swell that rocked the tug for several minutes.

GOLD AND SILVER.

Figures on the Product of the Year.

Washington, June 14.—The product of gold and silver in the several states and territories of the United States for the calander year 1896, is estimated by the directors of the mint to have been as follows:

State or Territory.	Gold, value.	Coining value.
Alabama	$ 5,700	
Alaska	2,050,700	187,863
Arizona	2,604,200	2,473,373
California	15,235,900	776,533
Colorado	14,911,000	29,185,293
Georgia	151,000	776
Idaho	2,155,200	6,658,457
Iowa	1,600	
Maryland	300	
Michigan	37,200	76,283
Minnesota	800	
Montana	4,324,700	21,640,404
Nevada	2,468,300	1,355,895
New Mexico	475,300	889,277
North Carolina	44,300	646
Oregon	1,251,900	78,995
South Carolina	63,300	383
South Dakota	4,969,800	296,727
Tennessee	300	
Texas	8,000	697,305
Utah	1,899,100	11,413,404
Vermont	1,000	
Virginia	3,500	
Washington	405,700	355,426
Wyoming	14,300	129
Totals	$53,088,000	$76,069,236

The increase in the production of gold over 1895 is shown to have been $6,478,000, while the production of silver shows an increase of $4,018,000.

HON. JOHN K. RICHARDS

Is to Be the New Solicitor General, Department of Justice.

Washington, June 12.—The authoritative announcement is made that on the 1st of July ex-Attorney-General John K. Richards, of Ohio, will succeed Judge Holmes Conrad, of Virginia, as solicitor general of the department of justice. This change, as previously chronicled in these dispatches, would have taken place before this, but it was deemed desirable that Judge Conrad should complete certain work before the supreme court which he had well in hand. Now that the court has taken its recess for the summer, Solicitor Conrad will retire. His resignation has been in the hands of the President for some time.

The solicitor general is the active representative of the United States in all cases before the supreme court in which the government has an interest. The office is one of the most important within the gift of the President, ranking next in honor and emolument to a cabinet position. The salary of the office is $7,000 per annum, and the incumbent has charge of the business of the department of justice in the absence of the attorney-general.

FATHER CLARK

Expected to Arrive From His World's Tour.

New York, June 15.—Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor society and president of the United Organization, sailed last Wednesday, with his wife, from Liverpool on the Britannic. They are expected to reach here next Friday, and in the evening a welcome will be given them by the New York Endeavorers in Carnegie hall. This will be the largest Christian Endeavor demonstration in this city since the annual convention in 1892. Secretary Baer and Treasurer Shaw, of Boston, will be among the speakers at the Friday night rally. Hon. John Wanamaker, who is one of the trustees of the United Society, has promised to preside over the meeting. This will be Dr. Clark's first appearance in America after his long absence on a tour of visitation to the Endeavor societies of Europe, India and Africa, and he will tell something of the work in those countries.

A FAT OFFICE.

Fortune in Fees for the Sheriff of New York.

New York, June 11.—The new law fixing the compensation of the sheriff of this county at $12,000 a year and one-half the fees, went into effect on June 1. The total fees of the office for the year are estimated at $120,000, of which Sheriff Damsen will receive one-half for seven months. His compensation for the last seven months of his term, it is estimated, will amount to $50,000.

After January 1 the office will pay about $72,000 a year.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.

Federation of Labor to Discuss the Question.

Washington, D. C., June 14.—President Gompers and the other members of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor have sent a greeting on the immigration question to affiliated unions in order by this means to obtain the sense of organized labor on the immigration question in its several phases. The greeting says:

"The subject has been divided in such a manner so that each member may have a fair opportunity to vote either in favor of, or opposed to the entire subject of immigration restriction or upon the measure and scope of such restriction.

"Of course, those who are opposed to the restriction of immigration need give little attention to the manner by which restriction may be secured while those who are favorable to restriction can fully discuss and decide as to the forms and measure of restriction."

The following are the questions submitted:

"1—Does your organization favor amending the laws of the United States to restrict emigration more than it is now restricted?

"2—Does your organization favor a provision in the law guarding against criminal and pauper elements entering into the United States?

"3—Should the foreign consular service and our immigration department be entrusted with greater powers to enforce immigration laws?

"4—Should the violation of alien contract labor law by employers be punishable by imprisonment?

"5—Should the steamship companies be held responsible for a term of years for the character of their passengers?

"6—Should a stricter civil and educational test be enforced as to qualification for naturalization?

"7—Should every immigrant be compelled to declare his intention to become a citizen of the United States?

"What other provision does your organization favor and suggest, if any, to further the restriction of immigration?

"Organizations which expect to be represented at the Nashville convention of the American Federation of Labor are urged to instruct their delegates so that the convention may fully express the real judgment of organized labor on the subject and unions which will not be represented are directed to discuss and vote upon the question and to return the vote to headquarters not later than October 30, 1897."

PHOTOGRAPHING SOUNDS.

Marvelous Results Produced by a Brooklyn Man.

New York, June 11.—The Herald says: "The process of photographing sound waves and from the plates reproducing the original sounds has been, it is announced, successfully carried out by Rev. A. C. Ferguson, a Baptist minister, now living in Brooklyn.

"There is no ponderous or complicated machinery. Only two discs, each of about seven inches in diameter, revolving by ordinary cranks. One of these, the recorder, is horizontal; the second, the reproducer, is revolved perpendicularly.

"Speaking of his invention, Mr. Ferguson said:

"'The lightophone, as I call this instrument, I have secured by patent, both here and in England.

"'I am now working on a machine to not only record sound, but to reproduce it in type-writing, and I am confident that I can do so.

"'The lightophone records upon a flat surface, and as there is no mechanical device, needle, or stylus used, there can be no distortion.

"'There is no electricity employed in the production or recording of tones in the lightophone. The sounds are produced by vibration, or, more properly, by pulsation.'"

DURRANT REPRIEVED.

Governor Budd Postpones Execution Until July 9.

San Francisco, June 10.—Theodore Durrant, the murderer of Blanche Lamont, will be reprieved to-day. Governor Budd has decided upon this course in order to settle the question of the rights of the federal courts to interfere in the execution of a sentence imposed by the state court. He has named July 9 as the day upon which the sentence shall be carried out.

The object of the reprieve, as the attorney-general explained last night, is to avoid the necessity of re-sentencing the convicted man.

If the position taken by the governor be supported by the state supreme court, the sentence will be carried out on July 9, just as it would have been to-morrow, but for the habeas corpus proceedings.

To-day, the necessary telegrams ordering a stay of execution will be sent to Sacramento by the governor.

The position taken by Governor Budd is that the habeas corpus proceedings and the appeal incident to the denial of the writ issued out by Durrant's attorneys does not act as a stay of proceedings. In other words, the governor desires that the supreme court pass upon the opinion rendered by Attorney-General Fitzgerald, holding that the proceedings do constitute a stay.

BOODLE AND BRIBERY.

Sensational Report of an Investigation of Kansas Legislature.

Topeka, Kan., June 14.—The legislative boodle and bribery investigating committee wound up its business Saturday and adjourned.

The majority and minority reports were submitted to Governor Leedy. The majority report charges wholesale corruption on the part of a well-organized corporation lobby and certain members of the legislature during the recent session; declares that the will of the people had been thwarted by the vote-selling process; recommended the passage of an anti-lobby law, and requests the governor to call a special session of the legislature so that some acts may be passed regulating corporations.

The minority report intimates that there was not so much boodling done during the legislature as there was perjury on the witness stand before the committee. The names of legislators implicated are omitted by both reports.

WAS IT A JOKE?

Attempt to Assassinate the President of France.

Paris, June 14.—An attempt was made yesterday to assassinate President Faure, President of the French Republic, while he was enroute toLong Champs to witness the Grand Prix.

While M. Faure's carriage was passing a thick crowd near La Cascade restaurant, on the Bois De Bolougne, a bomb, which subsequently proved to be a piece of tubing about inches long and two inches in diameter, with a thickness of half an inch, charged with powder and swan shot, exploded.

M. Faure behaved with perfect self-command, and continued to bow right and left to the crowd after the explosion, as if nothing unusual had happened.

Bryan to Speak.

Charlottesville, Va., June 15.—W. J. Bryan is announced to address the literary societies of the University of Virginia this evening on the subject "Jefferson Still Lives." Mr. Bryan selected this theme as Thomas Jefferson's last resting place is not far from this town.

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Postoffice address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York

ELLIS ISLAND FIRE.

Immigrant Landing Station Completely Destroyed.

New York, June 15.—Fire at an early hour this morning destroyed the immigrant landing station that covered almost all of Ellis Island, causing a property loss of about $780,000 to the United States government. All of the government records and the baggage of the immigrants was burned. Two hundred and fifty immigrants were rescued from the burning structures and brought safely to this city. Not one of them received a burn. There were 40 patients in the wooden hospital building in the rear of the main structure who were carried out in cots just before the hospital took fire. The cause of the fire is as yet a mystery.

When Chief Night Watchman Burke noticed the fire it was licking around one of the towers. He at once summoned the 30 men employed under him who quickly unlocked the iron gates leading into the detention room and aroused the sleepers, who were reposing on benches and on wire cots. One of the night watchmen was also sent across the bridge to the woman's dormitory, contained in a two-story building in the rear of the landing depot. They were hustled down stairs into the yard in the rear of the landing depot and conducted around the west end of the building and so on to the ferry slip, where the ferry boat John G. Carlisle was lying with steam up. Meantime the men in the main building had been rushed out and down the main duble stairway at the west end to the boat.

Surgeon J. H. White and Assistant Surgeons White and Gideon had been aroused by this time, and they at once began to remove the 40 patients in the hospital.

Doctors, nurses and attendants helped in the work. Miss A. Boltz, one of the nurses, carried out four of the children herself. Once outside, the people carrying cots rushed at a quick trot across the grass plot to the pier, never stopping till the patients were landed on the Carlisle's main deck.

The fire by this time had the entire main building in its embrace, and the flames illuminated the whole harbor. Jersey City and Brooklyn were thrown into bold relief by the flames. Lighted by this glare, with the paint blistering from her sides, the Carlisle steamed out of the long slip into the upper bay.

She had been preceded but a few minutes earlier by the tranfer steamers Emmans, Hazel Kirke and John E. Moore, with three of the big immigrant barges. The Battery in this city was crowded by thousands. Every vessel in the harbor could be seen plainly, and even from Fort Hamilton and Staten Island the burning was watched and could be plainly seen.

The wind was from the westward, and this prevented the flames from igniting the smaller buildings in the rear of the main depot.

At 2 o'clock the flames were under control. The big station, the hospital, the laundry, restaurant, doctors' houses and a number of small outbuildings were in ashes. The engine house was the only building of importance on the island which escaped destruction.

When the ferry boat Carlisle reached the barge office landing in this city this morning ambulances from Governor and Hudson street hospitals met the boat, and patients from the Ellis Island hospital were divided between the two institutions.

In an interview Commissioner of Immigration Dr. Senner said this morning that the loss to the government is about $780,000.

CHEERING REPORTS

Come From Commercial Agencies On Revival of Business.

Washington, June 11.—Notwithstanding the fact that the tariff bill has not yet been upon the tariff books and that the revival of industries and business cannot be expected to make itself apparent in a full degree until such action shall be had, the reports from business centers which reach members of Congress here are extremely gratifying. Dun's Review, which is accepted as a reliable business barometer, not controlled or influenced by political or other causes which would affect its accuracy, presents the most satisfactory trade statement for last week that has been made since the present business depression began.

That statement was remarkable in its showing of the decided decrease in embarrassments in all branches of trade and in reports of unusual activity in all the industries in anticipation of the passage of the tariff bill. The failures reported in most branches of trade are less in number than at any time in the last 36 months, while the volume of business transacted is, in quantity, larger than in 1892, the year of our greatest prosperity, the slight reduction in values being due to the smaller prices paid for the articles of commerce handled. When it is remembered that this happens before the new tariff bill gets upon the statute books and with the industries of the country depressed by the importations of foreign goods at the rate of over a hundred millions a month, the improvement this noted is very remarkable, and is proving very gratifying to those who are following the situation closely.

PROSPERITY COMING.

Business Conditions Are Steadily Growing Better.

New York, June 10.—The Herald prints an extended array of comments gathered from the West, the South and this city, and pertaining to the contentions made recently by Mr. John Wanamaker in his depressing review of the industrial situation in this country. The opinions have one characteristic in common, a belief that the national questions of tariff and currency should be answered in all due speed and with soundest judgment. There is not evident, however, that general impatience with Congress, or that discouragement over alleged continued dull trade which were the keynotes of Mr Wanamaker's plaint.

In the South, especially, bankers and not a few business men hold that business is improving gradually, but healthfully. In the West the majority of the bankers and merchants quoted indorse the President's promises of prosperity and affirm that a marked revival in trade has come since he was elected. It is notable that the discordant voices are from wholesale merchants, not from bankers. It would seem that the financiers have a keener scent for the "bird of prosperity" than their neighbors. A number of senators are quoted as defending the apparent delay of Congress in pushing the tariff bill to law. They maintain that legislation alone cannot insure prosperity and that general trade conditions should right themselves by their own improvement.

WHEELS STARTING.

Several Idle Pittsburg Mills Have Resumed Operations.

Pittsburg, June 15.—The puddling, finishing and nail departments of the Oliver Brothers' Tenth street mill resumed operations yesterday morning after an idleness of a week due to lack of orders. About three hundred men were benefitted by the resumption.

The Lockhart Iron and Steel Company also started three furnaces in the 16-inch bar mill and a large number of men were put to work in the puddling department.

The mills of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, limited, presented a normal appearance to-day. All departments affected by the recent strike are again in full operation.

BICYCLES IN GERMANY.

Petition Asking That a Heavy Duty Be Placed on Them.

Berlin, June 11.—A committee of the German Protectionist Society has presented a petition to the foreign office demanding, in view of American competition, that a heavy duty be placed on american bicycles, the cheapness of which threatens to deprive 25,000 German employers of work. It is not likely that the petition will be granted.

R. R. R.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, Radway's Ready Relief will afford instant ease.

CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM.

April 10, 1897.

Dr. Radway & Co.: I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for more than six months. I could not raise my hands to my head or put my hands behind me, or even take off my own shirt. Before I had finished three-fourths of a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief I could use my arms as well as ever. You can see why I have such great faith in your Ready Relief. Yours truly, W. C. BAKER.

Engineer at A. Montelone's boot and shoe factory, 930 Julia street, New Orleans, La.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is sold by all druggists.

FELL A MILE.

Prof. Barnard Has a Miraculous Escape.

Nashville, Tenn., June 10.—Professor A. W. Barnard, the air ship man, had a miraculous escape from death yesterday. He fell from a height of 5,000 feet and lives to tell of his thrilling experience.

The balloon which supports his air ship burst when nearly a mile above the earth. He and his apparatus plunged back to solid ground and the remarkable fact is that he escaped serious injury. He was badly shaken up, but quickly recovered from the shock sufficiently to walk.

The daring aerial navigator owes his escape to the fact that his balloon luckily transformed itself into a parachute.

FROM OCEAN DEPTHS.

Treasure of the Steamer Elbe May Be Recovered.

Milwaukee Wis., June 14.—If the wrecking company which has discovered the long-lost steamer Pewabic is successful with its new diving apparatus in this venture, a contract will be closed with the North German Lloyd to recover the ocean steamer Elbe and its treasure of $500,000 in gold. The Elbe lies in 150 feet of water, a depth at which diving-bells heretofore constructed have been useless, and from observation and soundings taken, is in good condition. The Elbe was sunk in a collision in the North Sea on the night of January 30, 1895, and 300 lives were lost.

Earthquake in India.

Calcutta, June 12.—A smart earthquake shock was felt in this city at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, which lasted a number of seconds. Several buildings were cracked, but no serious damage is reported.

Markets and Crops.

THE TRADE REPORTS.

Volume of Business Continues to Increase.

New York, June 12.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

The gain in business continues, not without fluctuations and at best moderate yet distinct. It is still in quantities rather than prices, although in some branches an advance in prices appears, but on the whole the number of hands employed, the volume of new orders, and the amount of work done are slowly increasing. Prospect of good crops of wheat and cotton helps; growing demand from dealers whose stocks are gradually gaining consumption depletes, also helps, and in the money and exchange market large buying of American securities has an influence.

Wheat looks well and the best trade authorities now estimates the yield at 515,000,000 bushels, with many state and railroad returns to support it. The price recovered 1⅜ cent after last week's fall of over 4 cents because visibles are diminishing, but with 2,970,579 bushels received at Western ports in June. Atlantic exports have been, flour included, 3,128,943 bushels, against 3,704,827 in one more day last year. The outgo is steady and since March has been 10,946,372 bushels, against 16,115,421 last year, and yet Western receipts have kept fairly ahead of exports. The annual report on cotton of the financial chronicle shows an increase of 5.33 per cent in all the states, and an increase in every state in spite of the floods, which with no more favorable weather than that of last year, would mean a crop of nearly 9,100,000 bales. The market is a sixteenth weaker, partly because some Southern cotton mills are trying to limit production. Neither cotton or woolen mills can expect other than a waiting business with a change of tariff impending, but the demand for bleached goods is steady though moderate for print cloths slightly better at 2-44 cents, plus 1 per cent and for print goods though not active. Brown goods are dull, though quotations are unchanged. Some large woolen mills are preparing to increase output and have bought steadily and heavily, sales of foreign wool at Boston alone having reached 6,310,000 pounds out of 8,365,000 sold of all kinds at the three chief markets. Carpet mills at Philadelphia which have just resumed after a long idleness were also buyers and all are now running nearly full time. A somewhat better re-order demand for woolens is reported, especially in medium and high priced goods and fancy worsteds without change in prices.

Iron furnaces in blast June 1 reported a weekly output of 168,380 tons, against 170,628 May 1, and in unsold stocks, exclusive of the great steel companies, an increase of 11,613 tons for the month, to 1,050,252 tons. Yet when an accident sent one of the large concerns into the market to buy quickly 50,000 to 60,000 tons of pig, the price rose to $9.90 for Bessemer at Pittsburg, receding afterwards to $9.75 with grey forge higher at $8.25.

Failures for the week have been 262 in the United States, against 246 last year, and 30 in Canada against 27 last year.

CEREAL CROP REPORT.

Wheat Area is Slightly Less Than Last Year.

Washington, June 11.—Statistician Robinson, of the Agricultural department, yesterday afternoon issued the following cereal crop report, Mr. Hyde, the new statistician, not taking charge until after this report.

The report of June 1st, consolidated from the returns of township, county and state correspondents of the department of agriculture, makes the acreage of winter wheat at present growing, after allowing for abandonments, 94.6 of the area harvested last year, or 89.9 per cent of the area sown in the fall of 1896. This in round numbers is 21,562,000 acres. The percentages of winter wheat states are as follows:

Ohio, 97; Michigan, 90; Indiana, 94; Illinois, 51; Missouri, 90; Kansas, 97; California, 105.

In New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, Texas, Arkansas, West Virginia the area shown compared with that harvested last year has been materially increased. The condition of winter wheat has fallen since report of May 1, being 78.5 per cent, against 89.2 on that date, a decline of 1.7 points. The condition of June 1 last year was 77.9. The per centages of the principal states were:

Ohio, 88; Michigan, 79; Indiana, 60; Illinois, 38; Missouri, 45; Kansas, 88; California, 73.

The percentage of spring wheat area for the entire country, as compared with that of 1896, has been increased, being 110 per cent of last year's acreage.

The total area of spring wheat sown is therefore 13,000,000 acres, in round numbers, and the winter and spring area is 34,562,000 acres or 99.9 per cent of that harvested in 1896.

The condition of spring wheat shows an average for the whole country of 89.6 per cent, against 99.9 per cent on June 1, 1896. The condition of all wheat is 82.7, against 7.6 per cent the same date last year.

The conditions of spring wheat for the principal spring wheat states are as follows: Minnesota, 94; Wisconsin, 90; Iowa, 90; Nebraska, 80; South Dakota, 78; North Dakota, 91; Washington, 100; Oregon, 90. The preliminary report places the acreage of oats at 95.3 per cent of last year's area and takes the condition 89 per cent against 98.3 last June. Acreage of rye is 93 per cent of last year's; condition 89.9 per cent. Acreage of barley 92.2 per cent of last year's; condition of same June 1, 87.4.

Foreign Crops.

Reports from the consular officers of the United States in Manitoba and Western Ontario indicate good crops of both winter and spring grain. Reports from Eastern Ontaria and Quebec are less favorable. Inquiries made by the United States minister to Argentina tend to show that this year's wheat acreage will not exceed last year's and may be much less.

Fruit throughout central and western Europe has been considerably injured by frosts. Wheat growth is generally retarded by the backward season, and in Spain, Italy and Hungary its quality is deteriorated by persistent rains. Condition reported improving in Northern Europe, also in Roumania, Bulgaria and parts of Russia but not in Poland. Deficiency of the wheat crop in France is now estimated from 35,000,000 to 55,000,000 bushels.

MICHIGAN CROPS.

Average Condition of Wheat Higher Than a Year Ago.

Lansing, Mich., June 9.—The Michigan crop report for June, issued from the office of the secretary of state yesterday, contains interesting information relative to the condition of wheat, which is now in a critical stage of its development. Some figures are also given relative to the marked falling off in the number of sheep in the state. The report says:

The average condition of wheat June 1 was in the southern counties 82, and in the state 78, as compared with 84 and 82 on May 1. The year ago the averages were 69 and 77. The average condition now in the central counties is 66, and in the northern 81, as compared with 74 in the central and 87 in the northern one month ago, and 87 in the central and 95 in the northern one year ago.

The acreage planted to corn is reported at 99 per cent, of acreage in average years. This estimate is to be taken as the opinion of correspondents of the area that will be planted, for, owing to the continued cold, wet weather, a large percentage had not been planted June 1. The acreage sowed to oats is 91 per cent, of acreage of average years, and the average condition of this crop is 86.

The average condition of meadows and pastures, and of clover sowed this year is 98. The weather has been very favorable for these crops and they perhaps were never in better condition in June than this year.

Apples promise about two-thirds and peaches one-fourth of average crops. One year ago the estimates were 93 per cent. for apples and 83 per cent. for peaches.

NORTHWESTERN WHEAT.

The Crop Has Been Underestimated by 25,000,000 Bushels.

Minneapolis, Minn., June 10.—The Northwestern Miller says it is now found that on June 1 there was as great a supply of wheat in the Northwest as was on hand August 1, 1896. That was counted at 25,000,000 bushels, which was probably not far from right. It follows, therefore, that the wheat crop of the Northwest has been underestimated some 25,000,000 bushels.

When such a large